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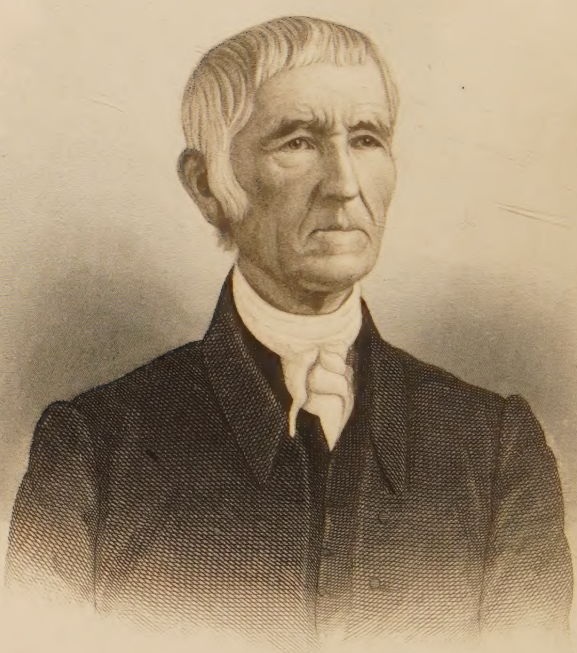

P.E.Jones Sc

Robert Boyd.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS:

TOGETHER WITH A

DISCUSSION UPON THE HARDSHIPS AND SUFFERINGS OF ITINERANT LIFE;

AND ALSO A

DISCOURSE UPON THE PASTORAL RELATION.

BY

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OF THE PITTSBURG ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

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PREFACE.

As the sketch of my life and labors spread on the pages of this book embraces a period of sixty-eight years, I have thought a previous glance at the principal changes through which I have passed might contribute somewhat to the interest of future details.

My birthplace was Westmoreland county, Penn. Ten years after I removed with my parents to Beaver county, Penn. When a little past eighteen years I went alone to Fayette county, Penn., near Brownsville, to learn the spinning-wheel business. Here I united with the Methodist Episcopal

Church when nineteen years of age. At the close of my twenty-third year I left the shop and five years' home at Rev. Chadds Chalfant's, and commenced my itinerant work in the Baltimore Conference. At the close of my fifth year I entered into the marriage relation. After traveling ten years in the Baltimore Conference I took a transfer to the Pittsburg Conference; traveled there about eighteen months; then took a location in 1826, and was readmitted into the Pittsburg Conference in 1829, and continued in the regular work till the Spring of 1860, being then sixty-eight years of age, and having spent forty-two years in the regular work, besides the three years in a local relation. I was granted a superannuated relation at my own request.

I will say, moreover, that, so far as I know, I never saw a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church till I passed my eighteenth year, nor had I heard one preach till that time. During my itinerant term I have served under twenty presiding elders; four of these I was with four years each; the others from six months to three years each. I have moved as a traveling preacher thirty-five times—twenty-two of these were from one charge to another, and thirteen were changes in the same charge. There are several peculiarities connected with my earlier life—on these I have principally dwelt, omitting or very briefly touching commonplace topics.

Nor should it be expected, in a sketch like this, that I would say much about preachers or others whom I had

occasion to name. The fact that many good people have fallen into the habit of telling the religious experience of several others in order to get at their own, should serve to place me on my guard here. As my production was intended to furnish a brief sketch of my *own* life and labors, rather than a historical sketch of the Church, I have said but little concerning those with whom I was united in labors. Some held in the highest esteem, as presiding elders and colleagues, are but barely named.

As I have written principally from *memory*, my references to the state of the work in some of the charges were designed to be of an indefinite and general character. The *most* and the *least* successful charges are best remem-

bered, and, therefore, more definitely stated. Some of the medium charges may have shared more, others less prosperity, than my passing notices might indicate. As all our Conferences were held in the Spring or Summer, I have dated my *ecclesiastical* years by the *calendar* year in which they *commence.* Some things related previous to my coming among Methodists may appear small and trivial, when viewed apart from a special Providential chain, of which they form links. Let the reader wait for the whole story, and then decide.

ROBERT BOYD.

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PART I.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS the second child of Robert and Rachel Boyd; born in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, the 5th of April, 1792. When very young, I suffered much from asthma, which continued till my seventh or eighth year. When under the influence of a cold, my breathing gave me severe pain. I have learned from my parents, that for a considerable time they had but small hope that I would be spared to mature age; but in this they were favorably disappointed; for, as the usual term was, I outgrew this complaint before I attained my eighth year, and subsequently enjoyed general good health and a sound body. My parents were both members of the Presbyterian Church at

the time I was born; and as they had residence near their place of worship, I was baptized by their pastor, Rev. James Finley, when about five weeks old. Though my parents were poor, I was taught to read when very young, and committed to memory the Assembly's Shorter Catechism before I was seven years of age.

In very early life I was deeply convinced of sin, and my consequent danger. Yea, the earliest thing I can remember, was a clear and abiding conviction that if I died as I was hell would be my portion. I have often thought, since my acquaintance with Methodists, that had I dwelt among them, I would probably have been converted to God before I reached my tenth year; but with the light I then had, I supposed religion consisted only in reformation of life. Nor was I any further advanced in evangelical views when eighteen years of age; yet all this time I felt condemned, because I did not follow the dim light with which I was favored. It is true, many in the range of my acquaint-

ance were recognized as religious persons, but I had never heard a religious experience, nor any reference to an individual conversion occurring at a given *time* and *place*.

When I was ten years of age I removed, with my parents, to Beaver county, Penn., some five or six miles north-west from Greersburg—now Darlington. This was then, in 1802, a new country, principally composed of a rude, uncultivated population. Here I spent eight years, at a time of life in which the character of a young man is usually formed. In many respects I lived after the example of the masses. It is true my parents and several other relatives on mother's side were Presbyterians; but with small exception, Church members then and there differed but little from others, when mingling with the community around them.

Soon after going to Beaver county I shared in the benefits afforded by such school-teachers as were then on hands. This seldom afforded advantages beyond

reading, writing, and arithmetic, to the rule of three. Thus placed under many disadvantages, I made my way in education, and subsequently *taught* all this, and some more, when quite young. I have often regretted that, at a time when I might have learned much in a more useful direction, I was put by my parents and teachers to the dreary work of memorizing the Larger Catechism; and I did actually commit to memory one hundred and forty-five questions before I went into arithmetic. No child or youth should be required to perform such a work. The Catechism is too long to memorize, even if the whole were as good as its principal parts. It might answer a good purpose to use it as a family manual, giving it frequent readings, accompanied with careful study. While on this point, permit me to say in all candor, that setting aside the distinctive Calvinistic features of this labored work, it deserves to rank with the best theological compends.

During the eight years spent in Beaver

county I shared largely in the ills of life. As my parents were poor, and I was the oldest son, I had to work most of my time away from home, and mostly in the hardest toils pertaining to a new settlement. In connection with this, I still suffered in mind from an abiding sense of my unfitness to meet death. I can well remember my feelings, when occasionally running with the multitude in the desecration of the holy Sabbath. As I had large practice in climbing trees, I was generally selected by the other boys to ascend in pursuit of nuts, berries, or birds' nests, and sometimes in pursuit of a squirrel, among the highest branches of tall trees. And though my head, hands, and feet were well suited for such an operation, yet when the wind caused these high branches to wave, and especially on the Sabbath, O, how greatly I feared sudden death and hell, and often promised God in the towering tree, that if he would permit me to descend in safety, I would never again repeat the act on the holy

Sabbath. After such a day's transgression I generally passed a miserable night; and after remaining long time awake, I would sleep and dream of perils and dangers.

Sometimes I have dreamed of Indians or other assassins surrounding the house, till my life was despaired of. In all these dreams the fear of hell was as clearly before me as though all was a waking reality. In this way the Spirit of God strove long and powerfully with me. And I wish to say in this connection, that if there be such a thing as a state of insensibility, respecting the danger of an unconverted sinner, I never knew any thing of it; for I was always a subject of deep conviction previous to my turning to God. Before leaving this point, it is due to my parents, and other Presbyterian relatives, with whom I lived, to say that their teachings and influences lay all against my Sabbath-breaking; so that when I indulged in this course I always found it necessary to steal the march.

There is one other matter I wish to notice before passing from the scenes of early life. And here, instead of acquitting my parents and other relatives, as in the case of the former evil, I feel compelled to charge the evil principally to them. I refer to the free and habitual use of intoxicating drinks—perhaps I ought to say *whisky*, for this was the thing in use at that time. No one, I believe, of the communities in which I mingled seemed to think there was any harm or danger connected with its use, unless the user *got drunk;* and a man was not then ranked with drunkards, unless he was down and asleep, or unable to rise. Such an occurrence would have brought a Presbyterian before the session; while his brother, staggering, shouting, and singing—not David's Psalms, but some vain or obscene matter—could run clear.

All harvesting, corn-husking, raisings, and log-rollings were thought to demand "something to drink," as it was generally termed. And help on such occasions was

not expected without this good fare, as it was then reckoned. If a vendue was to come off, it was thought indispensably necessary to make the people feel rich enough to bid freely. It was generally kept on the counter in stores, to treat customers; and a man making a purchase amounting to fifty cents, and failing to get the *free dram*, was not likely to return, if he could secure the *treat* elsewhere. And it was thought to be a dreary case, even in the poorest families, to pass the holidays without the Christmas or New-Year's dram.

Thus circumstanced I passed my early life. And in addition to these surroundings our humble home was, to a great extent, in keeping with the community with whom we mingled. Our kind mother was a good washer, a good baker, and furnished first-rate coffee, when she had the means. But I am sorry to say that she could, and did frequently make and furnish us children with what was then reckoned the first-rate whisky stews. Of these we were

quite fond. But in the operations of her *alcoholic* kindness she sometimes prepared the morning dram in the form of *tansy bitters*. With us young chaps and misses this did not relish so well. But to meet and overcome this aversion to the bitter tansy, its powerful tendency to destroy the worms and increase our appetites was strongly urged. While these motives served to operate on the older children, they did not succeed so well with the younger ones. Hence the resort to well-sweetened whisky; this was sometimes given before taking the bitters, as a reward in advance; at other times it was promised in the future, as the reward for present action.

In view of the time and circumstances connected with the foregoing representations, I can credit my dear mother with good intentions, while, in point of *fact*, she was contributing more than any other person to manufacture me into a drunkard; and, as might be expected, I contracted an early fondness for whisky.

Though I felt to guard strongly against drunkenness, I was often disguised, and once, when near sixteen years of age, I was overcome and prostrated. This was on a New-Year's day. My parents had sent me early with a jug to the still-house for our New-Year's dram. Here I found a gang of persons shooting for whisky. A young man challenged me to shoot for a gallon. I ventured; won the whisky; treated the company, and myself too, till I lay by the way. This was to me a great mortification. I had often used more without being prostrated; but now the name of a drunkard so affected me that I took no more till the next harvest. Yet my propensity for spirituous liquors rather increased than diminished; and I now record it as my settled conviction, that if I had remained in Beaver county I would have been a ruined drunkard. I was spoiled in early life; yea, when a child, fed by the hand of a kind and somewhat talented mother. As a warning to others I will say, though I believe that I have been

truly converted to God, and for near fifty years refrained from its use, the love of taste still remains, and I have never yet seen the day that I could with safety return to its use. And as a special warning to *reclaimed drunkards* I will say, that some seventeen years ago, when beginning to recover from a severe attack of flux, my physician, who was a thorough temperance man, informed me that so little life or vigor remained, that I must use a portion of artificial stimulant in the form of the best pure French brandy till nature could operate. I accordingly commenced taking it in small quantities, mingled with loaf sugar and nutmeg. This to me was quite agreeable, and with each succeeding portion my love increased, till I ardently longed for the next dose. I informed the doctor how it was with me, and entreated him to put it away at the earliest allowable point of time, which was accordingly done. At some risk to my own reputation I record this circumstance, in the evening of life, as a warning to all reclaimed

drunkards and kind mothers, who regard the best interests of their children.

As I was a poor boy, I judged it my best policy to learn a good trade. Hence, under the movings of what I have long since placed in the chain of Providential leadings, I felt a strong inclination to learn the spinning-wheel business, which at *that time* was a good trade in the hands of an accomplished workman. My first effort in this direction was unfortunate. When between sixteen and seventeen years of age I was apprenticed to an Irishman in Greersburg. As a workman, in many respects, he ranked above medium, though not first-rate. But he was a wretched drunkard, and, when under the influence of alcohol, was cross to his family and all about him; and, besides, they lived in a poor, *filthy* way. As my indented time was so long, I despaired of endurance there, and so went with my parents to a justice of the peace, broke the indenture, and left him. I spent that Summer in hard labor; part of the time assist-

ing a mill-wright in building a saw-mill. Here I did the hardest work in sawing and boring, and got but little for it. The balance of that Summer and Fall I cut cord-wood for a furnace, and the ensuing Winter I taught school.

The following Spring my father went to Fayette county, Penn., on some business. As I was still on the look-out for a good situation to learn the spinning-wheel business, he made inquiry, and found an opening with Rev. Chadds Chalfant, who was a first-rate workman, and had carried on the business for forty years, during which time a number of young men had graduated with credit and profit to themselves and their teacher. Though the old gentleman himself was now far advanced in life, and did comparatively little in the shop, yet his son James was a finished workman, of extraordinary speed, devoting his entire time to the shop. This seemed to be just what I wanted as a *business concern;* and along with this was a good family, enjoying an abundance of the good things of

this life; and what was still better, the old people and part of the children were Church members and professors of religion. God was regularly worshiped in the family, and their house was a kind of church, having preaching every two weeks, on a week-day, and some kind of meeting almost every Sabbath. Yet notwithstanding all this, there appeared to us, at that time, to be one serious drawback that had well-nigh neutralized all the rest—they were Methodists, and the *circuit-riders*, as they were then called, preached and lodged there.

When father returned to his home in Beaver county with this intelligence, and the whole matter was talked over in the family, it seemed to be decided that, as it was a good place to live and first-rate prospect of getting the trade well, upon the whole, I had better risk the Methodism, and go on.

For my own part I had no serious fears from that quarter. At this time I had never seen a Methodist. True, I had heard

many ridiculous things concerning these circuit-riders and the scenes connected with their meetings. But in this I concluded to let them alone, pull out the trade, and then put off. But when certain of our relatives and other kind neighbors learned what was going on, they labored hard to put a stop to the whole matter; telling my parents that it would certainly prove my ruin, that they had ruined many a youth, and that they would sooner a child of theirs would beg his bread through life than risk getting a trade at such a place. On the part of my parents it was urged that I was now no child, that I was old enough and man enough to take care of myself and keep clear of their Methodism. At the same time I used some big talk; telling parents and all concerned that there was no danger—that they could do nothing with me. After receiving earnest charges to be a good boy, mind my work, and have nothing to do with the Methodists, with a knapsack on my back, I started for my new home

at father Chalfant's, near Brownsville, Fayette county, Penn., which I reached the third day about noon, found a pleasant reception, and went immediately to work in the shop.

As my parents had charged me to attend Presbyterian meeting and read Presbyterian books, I commenced the first Sabbath by asking mother Chalfant if they had any Presbyterian books. To which she answered with a smile, pointing to the family Bible, saying, "There is one." To this I think I made no reply, feeling a little embarrassed; for even in so short an acquaintance, I could not fail to be somewhat attracted with her truly-dignified, motherly, and Christian demeanor. The next week brought on the preaching day there. And now, for the first time, I was about to get a sight of one of the circuit-riders. So, after several long and anxious looks, the venerable Thornton Fleming made his appearance on horseback, with saddle-bags under him.

Having always heard that these circuit-

riders had no learning, and therefore could not preach, I was looking for a day of small things. But he greatly exceeded my expectations. Being a man of fine appearance and good delivery, I concluded that he must be an exception, and had received a collegiate education; for, really, I thought no man could talk in that style, unless he had been at college. After closing the sermon, he proposed meeting the class. I did not then know what was meant by class meeting, and seeing some retiring and others remaining in their seats, I felt at a loss to know what position I should occupy. Acting on the principle of *good behavior*, I concluded to remain till all was over, and so sat down with the members of the class.

As all that was about to follow was as new to me in nature as in name, I soon began to feel I was in the wrong place, and wished I was away. Still I felt reluctant to leave, as I had not done this at the proper time. After I had concluded to leave at all hazards, I still enter-

tained fears that I might not succeed in getting the door open, and I dreaded an unsuccessful effort nearly as much as to remain on the seat and run the risk of being spoken to. Thus I was in a strait between two. By this time the preacher was interrogating some on the same bench that I was occupying, and had gotten within three of me. This turned the scale, and up I got; put my hand to the latch; the effort proved successful, and away I went, with a class of feelings somewhat similar to one who had broke jail.

As I came to father Chalfant's indorsing Presbyterianism, and continued to attend that ministry in preference to any other, different members of the family conversed with me in a way setting forth the horrors of reprobation, as connected with election and limited atonement. But instead of any effort to defend these and kindred topics, I resorted to the short and easy plan of denying that these doctrines were held by Presbyterians. And in this protest I was sincere. It is true, I had

repeated these sentiments hundreds of times, in using the Larger and Shorter Catechisms, in all their naked horror and bluntness. Yet, as I had never heard a word calling their truth in question, I had never noticed their horrible import. Up to this time I never knew what either Calvinism or Arminianism was; nor had I the least knowledge of the controversy had on these topics. I denied that these doctrines were held by Presbyterians, simply because they were so absurd, that I thought it impossible for such learned and good ministers and people to believe or hold them.

In this way matters remained for a short time, till the first sacramental occasion. And on Sabbath several of the young members of the family accompanied me. Old Doctor Jennings was the pastor, and having no assistance he preached himself. The text was Romans viii, 32: "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all." The text was read the first time omitting the word *all*. He then paused, and raising his spectacles on his

forehead, said, "Friends, there is an *all* here, as most or all are aware, but it do n't mean all the human race, or every person; but all the elect, or spiritual seed of Abraham;" adding some other remarks of a kindred nature, thus fully, and without disguise, setting forth the doctrine of a limited atonement. All this was unexpected to me, and, under the circumstances, quite embarrassing; for here sat the very persons to whom I had repeatedly denied that Presbyterians held such a doctrine. This circumstance seemed all at once to call me back to the questions and answers that I had long since committed to memory. The language was familiar, but the obvious import had now come before me for the first time.

I returned to my home in a state of confusion and embarrassment. The persons who heard the sermon asked me if that was Presbyterian doctrine. I told them that I was afraid it was, but that I would try to look further into this matter in the future.

CHAPTER II.

After this remarkable waking up I found it easy and quite interesting to prosecute the examination of this subject; and notwithstanding my parents and others had charged me not to read Methodist books, I broke over these restraints in the use of Fletcher's Checks and some other works of kindred nature. The result was I settled firmly on the Arminian platform. I can not say I renounced Calvinism, for *I never believed it;* nor do I now think that any intelligent, *unprejudiced* person, who *fully examines the subject*, can believe it. It only lives in the *dark* at the present day. Presbyterian ministers are unwilling either to bring the black horrors of Calvinism before their people or allow us to do it for them.

About four months after I entered my apprenticeship with father Chalfant a camp

meeting was held on Pike Run, four or five miles from Brownsville, and I went with the family to this meeting. Here all was new to me. Most of the first day was occupied with the tent and other fixtures, at which I gave assistance. As Methodists were at that time few and far between, I had not witnessed much noise or stir previous to that meeting, nor had I seen penitents on their knees. During the first of the meeting I felt somewhat timid, so that when I tried to get near the altar, and found a press behind me, I would draw back, fearing lest I might get *too near*. As the meeting advanced the work became more extensive, so that I could readily see what was going on. I beheld these exercises with feelings of disgust, and I felt glad that none of these seeking or rejoicing females were my relatives.

As my views of the *nature* and necessity of *experimental* religion had much improved during my brief intercourse with Methodists, I felt deeply my condition

during the latter part of this meeting, and had serious thoughts of commencing to seek religion, but not in the *way* they were doing at that meeting. After the administration of the Lord's Supper on Monday there was a very extensive stir among the people. Besides what was going on in the altar, there were different groups of happy, singing, shouting persons in different parts of the encampment, and penitents kneeling among them. Hitherto I had kept a careful distance from these scenes, but now a happy crowd formed around me, and packed so close that I could not conveniently get away. At this point Rev. Levi Bostwick, perceiving some tears in my eye, in his ardor, threw his arms around my neck, and commenced exhorting me, and in a few moments, with a loud voice, said, "Let us pray," and down he went on his knees, still holding me in his arms, while he continued talking to me. I felt my position to be most disagreeable, as I was still opposed to seeking religion in *that way*.

Hence my tears soon dried up, and I felt a sense of shame and mortification; and, so soon as prayer closed, up I sprang, and pressed my way through the crowd, with feelings like a bird escaping from the fowler.

From this meeting I returned home, feeling that it was high time to seek the Lord, and purposing to commence this important and long-neglected work. But still I felt opposed to noise and public effort. Hence I formed a purpose to seek God in private, and *only in private.* Accordingly I resolved to forsake every known sin, and commenced private prayer. All this was kept to myself. I attended no class meeting, nor avowed my purpose to any one, either good or bad. A short distance below father Chalfant's house, in a little hollow, the bushes grew thick. This place I selected for private prayer, which was only performed twice each day; and as far as possible to prevent even suspicion on this point, I retired in the dark of the evening, and again so early in the morn-

ing as to have all over before others left their beds.

This course I pursued with great regularity for about two months. By this time I was fully convinced that my plan was unscriptural and could never succeed. My former companions, knowing nothing of my purposes, continued to approach me as usual; and though I did not speak or act as heretofore, yet I felt myself in an awkward position. I became clearly convinced that, in the nature of things, it was impossible to serve God *only in private*, while connected with civil society; and I accordingly gave up the whole matter, and passed a miserable Winter. In the mean time I became clearly convinced that I ought to join the Methodist Church, and take a bold and *public* stand for God and truth. But my difficulties appeared great. I was far separated from my parents, and, as a condition of obtaining their consent to my going to father Chalfant's, I had promised them and others around them that I would have nothing to do with

the Methodists; and besides all this I had told father Chalfant himself about the same thing. The case was this: on a certain Sabbath I had heard a sermon by a Methodist preacher where father Chalfant was not present. The same evening, in conversation, I was giving him a kind of outline of the sermon, and the old man, judging from my manner of presenting the subject that I was well pleased with the sermon, remarked very pleasantly, "Robert, I think you will be a Methodist yet before you leave us." To this I replied in a firm tone, "No; that will never be."

These promises and declarations, made both to the foes and friends of Methodism, appeared for a time to form an insurmountable barrier to my uniting with that branch of the Church. O, how earnestly did I wish that I had never made these promises! But a brighter day soon rolled on. O, yes, I then became fully convinced, and still remained convinced, that a bad promise is better broke than kept; and especially in a case like mine, where it is,

first, the offspring of ignorance, and, secondly, where the failure does not affect the right of any other person. Thus circumstanced I put this ignorant, bad promise along with all my other sins, and formed the deliberate purpose to make a *public* start in religion, and unite with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The class at father Chalfant's at that time numbered only twelve members, and these were all aged persons or heads of families, except two daughters of father Chalfant. With this little band I united at a time when there was no revival excitement, and no one to *start* with me. It was somewhere about the middle of March, 1811, on a beautiful Sabbath morning, I spoke to the eldest daughter, Sarah, an excellent girl, asking her if she thought I could be permitted to meet with them that day in class. In this I was deeply sincere, though, as she afterward informed me, she did not think so at the time. Her reply was that if my "purpose was formed to serve God and seek religion, there could

be no objection." To this I made no reply. When I heard them singing the opening hymn I quietly stepped in, and sat down, with my head bending toward my knees. I kneeled with them in prayer, and felt that it was truly a solemn hour. When the leader, Henry Dales, had spoken to the members of the class, he then turned to me. Very much to his surprise, as well as all present, I rose to my feet, and avowed my purpose to start *then* for heaven, and gave some account of the *private* and unsuccessful efforts of the preceding Fall.

This unexpected occurrence seemed to put new life into the little class, and I sat down feeling that I was fully committed to the service of God. When the class was over I went quickly to the barn, and commenced private prayer, and so continued through the week. Mother Chalfant, of precious memory, gave me much encouragement and kind instruction. The next Sabbath a local preacher, Samuel Hammond, preached at father Chalfant's, and I again remained in class meeting after

preaching. After speaking to the members the preacher spoke to me. I arose under much feeling; told nearly the same that I did the last Sabbath, adding something of the past week; and as I had told them I was now willing to take any course that was right, the preacher took advantage of this remark, and proposed my joining the Church. To this I made no reply, but sat with my head down, weeping. True, it was my purpose to join, but not that day. As I entertained fears that I might fail, I had judged it safest to try the means of grace a few weeks longer without joining the Church. But fortunately there had come a young man that day with the preacher: this was Adam Wemer. He came to me, sat down by my side, put his arm around my neck, and, with tears, urged my joining the Church at once. At length I told him quietly that I would join if they would have me; and forthwith he became my spokesman, telling the preacher that I was agreed. It was then asked of the persons

present if there were any objections; and there was a simultaneous response, "No, no; we are all glad."

But, strange to tell, by the time meeting was closed I began to entertain serious fears that I had joined too soon—not that I wavered in my purpose, but I felt such an honest fear of failure, that I was tempted to think that I ought to get better prepared for so weighty an undertaking. As I was not sure that my name was *written* on the class-book, I thought I would examine so soon as I could get a private opportunity, and if it were not written, I would yet ask that it be deferred for a few weeks till I could see how I got along. But when I opened the book there stood my name, in clumsy handwriting, so as to be seen afar off. I closed the book, and determined to keep my thoughts to myself, as it would be a greater reproach to have my name erased *then* than a subsequent failure. I went immediately to the barn, fell upon my knees, giving myself wholly to the service of God, and earnestly im-

plored the needful aid for the prosecution of this important undertaking.

I was now in the Methodist Church—an honest, earnest seeker of religion, but, as yet, without an evidence of my acceptance with God. About the time I joined the Church Jacob Young and James Wilson were sent to Redstone circuit. And almost simultaneous with their commencement, a good work of revival commenced on the circuit. Two days' meetings were frequently held, with good success. As a seeker, I enjoyed many opportunities to avow my purpose, by coming forward for special prayer. And I never let one pass unimproved. Yet I did not experience the evidence of pardon and acceptance, till four months after joining the Church. This important change took place about the 20th of August, 1811, at a camp meeting on Pike Run, at the very *place*, and under the very *circumstances* that were so abhorrent to me twelve months before.

Soon after joining the Church, mother Chalfant, with great difficulty, got me to

take turns with her to lead in prayer at the family altar in the absence of her husband. And in addition to this, I was frequently called on to pray in the prayer meetings. These duties, with all others known to me, I labored to discharge before I was converted. And I never neglected an opportunity to bow with penitents in public, for I almost bordered on despair at the camp meeting at which I was converted. In this solitary state I passed several of the first days and nights of the meeting, at every opportunity bowing with seekers. On Monday evening, a little before sunset, I retired alone to the woods near the encampment, and after bowing and pleading with God to show me the hindering cause, I rose to search and examine. Here I saw that God would give me no *new* promises; that those now on record were worth as much at *present* as ever they would be; and finally, that whatever God willed to do in the matter of my salvation, he willed it *now*.

Therefore, I settled in the resolution to

go forward *once more*, and pray and wait till I obtained the evidence of pardon, or perished in the effort. Accordingly, I went into the altar at the invitation given at the close of preaching. This was truly a solemn time. I soon felt that I could not have left, had I even tried. From my knees, I was soon prostrate on the ground, in mighty cries to God. My faith was sorely tried. In this way I spent the entire night, and just as day dawned God spoke peace to my soul, and truly my peace did flow as a river. Six persons—four men and two women—had remained with me all night. Soon after daylight my voice failed, and I could only express my feelings in gestures and feeble whispers. Thus, I think it obvious, in view of the *place* and *circumstances*, that God had specially in view to bring about my conversion, at the very farthest extreme from the way I had marked out one year before. It has been my settled conviction, during my long ministerial life, that God has special claims on me to use and im-

prove my religious experience for the benefit of others. Hence I must take and maintain the position, that no man who *rejects* a means or measure that God sanctions can be saved.

Though more than four months had now passed since I joined the Methodist Church, I had not informed my parents of this matter. I had waited till I could communicate the intelligence of my conversion, in connection with my joining the Church. Therefore, soon after this happy occurrence, I wrote a long letter to my mother, stating the whole matter. This letter was received in the evening, which caused weeping and lamentation. My dear mother passed nearly a sleepless night, mostly walking up and down the floor, no doubt under the impression that I was ruined, both for time and eternity. In her distress she made a visit to Rev. T. Hughs, her pastor, and showed him the letter, in expectation of securing his aid in furnishing such an answer as would, if possible, check me in my ruinous career.

When the letter was read the preacher disappointed her much, by telling her that she ought rather to rejoice than weep; that if the statements contained in the letter were correct, I was in a much better way than when I left her. About seven months after my conversion I made a visit to my parents. I prayed and conversed freely with them, and though I saw nothing encouraging at the time, but rather the reverse, yet I afterward found that my visit made a good impression. And they lived, not only to hear me preach frequently, but to hear gladly.

Though I commenced my religious course where Methodists were few in number and no revival in progress at the time, yet, in the good providence of God, I was made a kind of new seed, from which a revival immediately followed, memorable in the history of Methodism, in and about Brownsville, and generally over Redstone circuit. Soon after I attained to full membership I was placed as leader of the class that met at father Chalfant's, and subsequently

I had charge of another which met in Bridgeport. At the time I was first put in charge of a class several of the male members continued to take the usual dram as the bottle passed round at gatherings. In view of this I told the preacher, in presence of the class, that I could only consent to make the trial with the distinct understanding that I was not to speak to any one who took the bottle, either to take the dram or even to pass it to another; and if that course was not acceptable to him or the class, I wished to know it *then*. But the preacher nobly indorsed my course. This movement had the happy effect in breaking up the vile practice in the Church.

At that time whisky was on hands at musters, corn-huskings, raisings, log-rollings, and in the harvest-field. On such occasions I was for a time the song of the drunkard. They would sing Methodist tunes to filthy songs, and halloo "glory," "amen." On such occasions I was careful not to utter a word when they were

stimulated, and had the advantage of number and speaking to each other. But when sober and alone I then talked kindly and boldly to each one, looking him full in the eye, and letting him know that he had selected the wrong man if he calculated to scare or turn me aside by acting so mean and wicked. Thus I held on in the name of God till such scoffers dreaded meeting me on the road. In those days I had ample demonstration that "one could chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

During the balance of my apprenticeship I tried to give myself fully to God and his service, and was often greatly blessed. Just as I closed the term of my apprenticeship I was drafted to serve six months in the war of 1812–13, and was actually called to go to the North-West. I drew my musket and blanket, prepared and painted my knapsack, and was actually on parade, when James Tomlinson, of Bridgeport, who had recently been converted and joined the Methodist Church,

brought forward a substitute, to whom he advanced payment, and took me for the amount. This gave me great relief, while at the same time I felt deeply for a few others of a religious cast who had united with me as messmates, and depended much on me to head our little spiritual band; for we intended a bold stand together for God and religion, and arranged for united prayer in our tent, when military duties did not interfere to prevent.

I now took to the shop in good earnest as a journeyman, and it required my best effort to earn in the same time the amount paid my substitute, so that at the close of six months I was only clear of debt, but scarce of clothing. In the mean time I was enjoying a comfortable home with father Chalfant, with good meetings, and in a position to do some good in the Church. Here I felt inclined to remain till I could earn a little outfit. But feeling inclined to spend more time in useful reading and attending more meetings, it seemed but fair and equal that I should

demand moderate wages. In this way I moved on pleasantly for a time, enjoying much religious comfort.

CHAPTER III.

I NEVER was a *licensed* exhorter, but as I had charge of two classes and held many prayer meetings, both in town and country, I had abundant opportunity to exercise my gift as an exhorter. Moreover, I often felt strongly that it would be my duty to preach, and at times felt like making a trial, but felt at a loss to commence, for I was afraid to tell the preachers or any one my feelings on this subject. When I heard good preaching, that had in it both soul and body, I became discouraged, and felt for a time glad that I had not named this matter to any one. Again, when I heard feeble men, men who nearly failed, then I felt encouraged, supposing, at that rate, there was yet some hope for me. In this way I moved on for some time, till, on a certain occasion, Levi Bostwick, a local preacher, having an

appointment at father Chalfant's, from some cause failed to come. In some way I became impressed during the morning of that Sabbath that he would not meet his appointment, and, being the class-leader, I knew, in this event, it would devolve on me to hold the meeting. Hence, it occurred to me that this circumstance would furnish an opportunity for me to try preaching. Accordingly I settled on one of the texts that I had previously meditated upon, and tried to hold myself in readiness in case the preacher failed to come. The appointed hour arrived, but the preacher did not appear. Of course I would delay for a time. This delay, however, was extended to an unusual length, fearing lest the preacher might arrive *after* I read my text. Having at length opened the meeting with singing and prayer, which surprised no one, I announced my text, which seemed to take all by surprise. At the close I felt too much discouraged to meet class with comfort, and as I had waited so far over the time before commencing, I con-

cluded to omit class meeting, and so dismissed the congregation.

During the remainder of the day I felt greatly dejected, and powerfully tempted to wish I had not made the trial; yet at times I entertained some hope that I could succeed better on other texts. A short time after this father Chalfant made an appointment for me to preach at night at the house of a near neighbor. This was done without my knowledge or consent; and for my relief he managed to be absent at the time. I attended, and did as well as I could, which still looked gloomy to me. From my commencement in March, 1814, I occasionally tried to preach, only filling such appointments as preachers and others made for me, till June 25th, at which time a quarterly meeting was held at Fell's Meeting-House on Redstone circuit. William Monroe, preacher in charge, had obtained a recommendation from the class without my asking. I was accordingly furnished, on Saturday, with a regular license to preach, signed by Christo-

pher Frye, presiding elder. But such was my sense of unfitness for this office, that I concluded, when the sacrament was administered on Sabbath, that I would not mingle with the preachers in its reception, but partake with the members as heretofore; but brother Padgett, the junior preacher, came to me, and took me by the hand, and, while I still held back, one of the old local preachers came on the other side, and, thus urged, I ventured forward, truly humbled and greatly blessed.

From this time I went forward in the work of preaching with more comfort. And being released from the charge of my second class in Bridgeport, I had half the Sabbath to go to other points. On these Sabbaths I circulated extensively from six to twelve miles distant, generally on foot, and preaching mostly in private dwellings and school-houses. In the Spring of 1815, about one year after my first attempt to preach, being strongly urged by the preachers and others, I consented to offer myself as a candidate for

the itinerant ministry in the Baltimore Conference.

By this time I was led to a review of God's providential leadings. I was seeking a trade. God was *first* bringing about the means of my own salvation, and, *secondly*, opening my way to be instrumental in saving others. With this view, I felt willing to forsake all to follow Christ in the prosecution of this great work. I was considered a good workman in my business; and by this time I had secured the means of a good outfit for traveling, but not much over; and being duly recommended to the Baltimore Conference, I was received on trial, and on the 7th of April, 1815, I left for my field of labor, which was Monongahela circuit—formerly called Randolph. Asby Pool was preacher in charge, and C. Frye, presiding elder. I spent my first Sabbath in Morgantown. A Presbyterian preacher was on a visit there; he preached in the forenoon, and I in the afternoon. There was no meeting-house in the place at that

time; all preaching was done in the court-house. Brother Pool had not yet gotten to the circuit; so early in the week I left Morgantown for Kingwood, a distance of twenty-one miles, in search of brother Pool. As I had no plan of the circuit, I knew not where to find the regular work. As brother P. was not yet come to Kingwood, I remained a day; and while I was preaching in brother Sigler's house he arrived. Here he furnished me with a plan of the circuit, and sent me a long and lonely route to Tigart's Valley, on the south-east end of the circuit.

This circuit was in all respects a hard field of labor; about ninety miles long, lying mostly in a wild mountain region, interrupted by many streams of water, embracing Cheat and Valley Rivers and their tributaries, and scarcely a bridge or ferry in all our bounds. Our fare, in most places, was poor, and people living as filthy as savage life. I think we had but two days in the four weeks without appointments, and one of these was a

pretty hard, starving, Saturday's travel, both for man and horse. I think the state of the work was not much improved this year. And I had very little aid from my colleague in ministerial improvement, as we could only meet at quarterly meetings; and as he was prevented by affliction from attending one, I had but little of his aid. Besides, at this time a single preacher's quarterage was only $80 a year, and I received only $60 of that.

As I did not attend Conference at the close of this year, having no business there, I made a short visit to my old home at father Chalfant's, and spent one Sabbath preaching in Brownsville. I had heard of my appointment to Carlisle circuit the day before preaching in Brownsville; and as the distance was considerable, and all a new and strange route, they lifted a small collection to defray my expenses over the mountains. This timely aid was much needed, and away I went, with all I had in large saddle-bags and valise tied behind; and through considerable

rain, I reached Shippensburg on the evening of the fourth day. As I had no plan, I did not know, when I entered Shippensburg, that it was in Carlisle circuit. But I was very wet in a cold rain, and Saturday night was on me. I felt that I must spend the Sabbath there in some way. I inquired for a Methodist family, and on speaking at the door, I was happy to find myself just at the right place, and at the right time. This was one of the prominent appointments in Carlisle circuit, and I was at a good stopping-place, and they were looking for one of the preachers to fill the regular appointment the next day. The family gave me a cordial reception, and I passed a comfortable night, and preached the next day with more than usual liberty.

On Monday I rode to Carlisle, more than twenty miles, where I had the pleasure of seeing my colleague, Richard Tydings, for the first time. At first he seemed so much my superior, and the town of Carlisle looked so large and fine,

that I felt some serious fears that I was too small a preacher to labor in such a place, and along with such a man. But I afterward found my connection with him both pleasant and profitable. He was a very pleasant, gentlemanly man, and just the right kind of preacher to do much good. And Jacob Gruber, who had been my presiding elder four years before I entered the ministry, was my presiding elder here, and both he and brother Tydings were very kind and helpful to me. I shall always remember, with pleasure and gratitude, the timely and much-needed assistance in ministerial improvement which brother Tydings afforded me. And the best of all was an extensive and much-needed revival in the circuit, which turned the tide of Methodism favorably in that charge.

For about seven years previous to this time, the circuit had been placed under serious and peculiar disadvantages, from the fact of the base and scandalous conduct of a preacher by the name of Har-

ris, who, for a time, had shared too much popularity for safety. After this conduct on the part of Harris, preachers for several years dreaded being sent to that circuit. But this year the work of God triumphed over every obstacle. There was a large increase in the membership, and the work of real revival stood in due proportion. One of the best camp meetings I ever witnessed was held on a new site in this circuit. This meeting contributed largely to the furtherance of this good work. I recollect two or three times, that preaching had to be dispensed with, in consequence of the large numbers crying so earnestly for mercy, while others gave utterance to the "new song" of praise.

I had now filled my two years of probation in the Baltimore Conference, and, in point of time, stood eligible to admission into full connection. That Spring, 1817, the Conference sat in Baltimore, and I accordingly went thither on horseback, which was then the order of the

day. Here all was new to me. I had never seen the great city before, nor had I ever seen a Conference. But I there found a home in the kind Kepler family, who used so much freedom, and exercised so much kindness, as to remove all embarrassment from me in the family. At this Conference I was received into full connection, and ordained a deacon by Bishop George, and appointed alone to Somerset circuit. Jacob Gruber was my presiding elder. This was a large, four weeks' circuit, with appointments nearly every day. Portions of the circuit were mountainous, and other parts consisted of wet glades, in many places rather hazardous to pass. Besides, I found great difficulty and hazard in crossing so many streams on horseback. When I came to this circuit in March, there was great scarcity of grain; so that in some places I had to buy horse feed between appointments, and hard to get it, even for a large reward. In portions of this circuit I passed dreary nights. Such was the filthy condition of the beds,

that I had to use my pocket handkerchief to prevent the clothes from touching my face. In most places, however, I shared ordinary comforts, and found kind friends.

Toward the close of this year brother Gruber sent a young man by the name of Samuel Cushen as a supply, who labored with me during the last quarter. During the Winter I was in this circuit the small-pox prevailed to such an extent that, in view of accomplishing the most good upon the whole, I was compelled to submit to inoculation. For this purpose, a kind family, not of the Church, offered me a home, and all needful attention while passing through this process. This offer I readily and gratefully accepted. And after passing through the usual preparatory course, and preaching up to the time that the inoculation was to take effect, I returned to this kind family, where the disease broke out upon me. The doctor informed me that he thought I had the disease as violently as all the rest in that neighborhood, amounting to

upward of fifty. My impression was, that had I taken it in the natural way, and without preparation, it would have proved fatal.

After passing through this disease I enjoyed fine health, and soon weighed heavier than at any other period of my life. I think on most of this circuit I had influence for good, and was favored with ordinary success, perhaps more in an improved state of the Church than increase of numbers. In the Spring of 1818, from Somerset, I attended the Baltimore Conference, held in Baltimore. From this Conference I was appointed alone to Greenbrier, a four weeks' circuit, and Gerard Morgan was my presiding elder. This work was far from the seat of Conference, and placed me far from all former acquaintances. I now began to feel more than ever like a stranger and pilgrim on earth, and now tried to give myself more fully to God and his work. On entering upon the labors of this circuit, I called on the members at

each appointment, to unite in a solemn covenant to pray in private every evening, between sunset and dark, for a revival on the circuit, and to pledge themselves to this by rising to their feet. And we had some hearty shouting connected with this movement.

In the latter part of this Summer we held a camp meeting on a *new site*, on the spur of a mountain, between two of the best settlements in the circuit. This was attended with cheering success. After this meeting I labored much; some weeks preaching ten and twelve times. Most of this circuit afforded me pleasant homes, and the good women seemed to delight in supplying to me the place of a mother. At the close of the year it was hard for us to part.

From this circuit I attended the session of the Baltimore Conference which was held in the city of Alexandria, March, 1819. Here I was admitted to elder's orders, and ordained to that office by Bishop Roberts. From this Conference

I was appointed to Pendleton circuit, and Thomas Rise was my colleague, and Lewis R. Fechtig, presiding elder. This was a large circuit, about eighty miles in length, lying in a mountain region, and many streams to cross. Brother Rise was in his first year, zealous and useful. On portions of the circuit there was a good work, especially on the south end.

Before coming to this circuit I had spent four years in the regular itinerant work. At the commencement I had formed the purpose not to enter upon married life till I had traveled at least four years; for at that time the support for preachers was very small, and hardy *single* men were in great demand for our poorer circuits. I *now* felt my way open in point of time, provided I could find a suitable person. The first time I went round Pendleton circuit the quarterly meeting prevented my getting to father Matheny's; yet I had seen mother Matheny about twelve miles from home, at another appointment, when on a visit to her married daughter, Nancy

Heaslett, so that when I arrived at her home, on my next round, we were not entire strangers. When I got there it was near the preaching hour, and mother Matheny gave me a most hearty welcome. At the same time her daughter Cecelia—since my wife—came forward, and she gave me an introduction to her. I was then shown the way to what was called the preacher's room, up stairs. While I kneeled in prayer the person below came forcibly before my mind with the impression that she would be my wife.

But as the hour for preaching was at hand, I tried to dismiss the matter for the present. As time rolled along, and I repeated my visits as their pastor, my first impressions were strengthened; so that in the month of October I made known to her my wishes, at the same time giving her a plain and full statement of my circumstances and purpose to prosecute the itinerant work; telling her that if, on due reflection, my proposition met her own views, she might consult with any of her

friends before I came round the next time, and let me know how she was likely to decide. This, on my part, was the *first* and *only* proposition of this nature that I ever made. When I came round the next time we had free and full conversation, which terminated in a matrimonial engagement. After conversation with her parents and family, we fixed on a time connected with my next visit to that end of the circuit for the consummation of the marriage, which took place on Saturday night, the 18th of December, 1819.

CHAPTER IV.

At the next session of the Baltimore Conference, in March, 1820, I was appointed to the charge of Rockingham circuit. John Miller was my colleague, and Lewis R. Fechtig, presiding elder. This was a long move, through the mountains, and was rather unexpected. Though I did not ask to be returned to Pendleton circuit, yet I expected this. So far as I could find, my removal was to give a place for an older man, in order to save him from moving. I, however, got to my circuit in due time, and commenced housekeeping, in an upper room, on a small scale. This was a better country than I had generally traveled in; but our success was only about medium.

At the close of this year, in March, 1821, I was appointed to the charge of South Branch circuit. James G. Sansom

was my colleague, and Lewis R. Fechtig, presiding elder. This was one of the hard points in my itinerant life. The distance was about eighty miles, through mountains, and bad roads, and circuit poor. I was the first married preacher sent to it in its present form. At the time I started to Conference our first child was only *three* weeks old. Thus circumstanced I could not move at the proper time, nor did I know any place to move to; so I was compelled to leave my wife and babe in Harrisonburg, and go alone to my circuit, where I spent five weeks, which embraced my first quarterly meeting. But still I could get no house, except a tailor shop in Romney, where we had neither meeting-house nor society. The tailor moved his business into an upper room in his house, and gave me his shop—all in one room—and the privilege of setting a bed in another room in his house, and the use of a stall in his stable. So I returned to my family; put our few things in a two-horse wagon; hired another horse

for wife to ride, getting my wagoner to take it back. After much toil and expense we were finally moved to Romney and into the tailor shop.

This circuit spread over large territory, and we had many streams to cross without the advantage of either ferry or bridge. In these days no other *allowance* was made for preachers than bare quarterage, and that generally came far short. The first year I was on this circuit but little over half our quarterage was paid; the second year was much better, but still some deficiency. But I since traveled where I have received nearly double the amount in regular allowance without faring as well. At that time articles for family use—such as grain and meat—rated low; and, besides, many, both in and out of the Church, favored us with *presents* suited to our wants; and the best of all, God was with us in reviving power. During my two years' labor here our membership was nearly doubled. We held two camp meetings each year, with good success. Brother

Fechtig was our presiding elder both years, and John L. Gibbons was my colleague the second year.

In consequence of my wife's affliction, I was prevented from attending the Conference at the close of my term on South Branch circuit. The next year, 1823, I was appointed to Alleghany circuit. Wm. M'Dowell was my colleague, and Gerard Morgan, presiding elder. Here I had but twenty-seven miles to move to Cumberland, which at that day was considered an accommodation. Our family conveyance was on horseback. My wife carried the youngest and I the eldest child, each on the lap. Here I remained two years. A young man by the name of Charles M. Smith was my colleague the second year, and Gerard Morgan, presiding elder. Portions of this circuit lay in good settlements and among good livers; other parts were in the mountains, and embraced a number of troublesome streams. I received better support in this circuit than any I had formerly traveled; but, so far

as I can now recollect, our success was but about medium.

During my time on this circuit fevers and chills and fevers prevailed at and around Cumberland. Previous to this time I had not known what severe sickness was; but during my second year I was smitten down in a violent fever, and felt for a time that I should likely die. As this was placing me under new circumstances, I had deep and honest searchings to ascertain my true spiritual condition. On the one hand, I could not say that I was afraid to die; and yet I did not feel as well satisfied as I could wish. From this point my mind rapidly ran back on my religious and ministerial life, and I began to see a change for the worse, though I had aimed it as an improvement. At the time I started on a religious course, and up to the time I left father Chalfant's to commence the itinerant work, my religious training was of the good old Wesleyan Methodist stamp—taking a firm stand for God and the whole truth, and

on all occasions testifying against sin of every kind, no matter where it was found or what the consequence might be.

In process of time I saw this was unpopular, and subjected me to many temporal disadvantages; and some preachers that I regarded as greatly my superiors discouraged me, telling me that I would get along better and do more good if I would let these things alone, and preach the Gospel. To some extent I had gradually yielded; trying to live a little more for a good name and my temporal advantage. In the trying and honest hour of deep affliction, and death staring me full in the face, I saw I had erred in this direction. I improved this pure light, and promised God that if I should again be permitted to stand on the walls of Zion, I would lift up a warning voice, not sparing tippling, nor any vain and sinful conformity to the world in dress or behavior, nor even the *sin of slavery*.

So soon as I solemnly and earnestly formed these purposes, God powerfully

blest me, and I saw my way clear and unclouded to heaven. Jacob Gruber and Simon Elliott were among the most true and faithful ministers to lift up a warning voice; and who, after reading how *they died*, would for a moment hesitate to copy their example? God not only wonderfully blest me *in* affliction, but from that hour my disease took a favorable turn, and I was soon able to prosecute my work moderately.

At the close of my second year on Alleghany circuit, in the Spring of 1825, I took a transfer to Pittsburg Conference. I was then on the extreme western border of the Baltimore Conference, as the work then stood arranged. As I had now been more than seven years far separated from my parents, and those with whom I had mingled in the earlier years of my religious life, I thought I saw a fitness in occupying fields west of the Alleghany Mountains. In connection with this transfer, I took the place of James Paynter, on Connellsville circuit, he having been

transferred to Baltimore Conference. At the time I came into this work, John Strickler was my colleague, and Joshua Monroe, presiding elder. Our family residence was in Mount Pleasant. The first session of the Pittsburg Conference was held in the city of Pittsburg, September 13th, which gave me about six months to serve Connellsville circuit. From this Conference I was returned to Connellsville circuit. Thomas Jamison was my colleague, and Asa Shinn, presiding elder.

This brings me to a point in my history, that I always reflect on with feelings of deep regret. I refer to my *location*, which took place at the close of this Conference year. Though this did not *actually* take place till then, yet I formed the purpose early in the year. Up to this time, with small exception, I had oppressively long moves, and my average receipts were small, oppressively small; and on coming to Connellsville circuit, the prospect still appeared worse. During the first six months, after deducting my moving ex-

penses, I received only $26. At this time we had three children, with the prospect of an increasing family; and my parents, poor and aged, were likely to require some aid. I accordingly selected a location in the north-west corner of Connellsville circuit, about three miles east from Freeport, and arranged to move there early in the Spring of that Conference year.

And as I looked mainly to the spinning-wheel business, in connection with some agriculture, as a means of support, I had a good lot of timber in a course of drying, and accordingly moved my family about the first of April. Up to the time the Conference sat in Washington, the 26th of August, I attended regularly to the circuit, hiring a little work at home. I declined going to that Conference, partly for want of time, and partly to avoid an increase of the gloomy pressure that was weighing down my spirit. Though the circuit had much improved in their contributions over the past year, yet I had

scarcely any thing to commence on, while an addition to our humble dwelling was on hand, besides new stabling, good large shop and fixtures—all pending, and Winter approaching.

As my business was expensive to start, requiring many tools, I was compelled to borrow $50, or stick by the way. The young man selected as an apprentice came on, and wrought with me at the shop and shop fixtures. For my own part, I labored excessively almost night and day, and with the utmost exertion got to shop work by the time Winter set in. We were all favored with excellent health; otherwise, we had matters and things the very hardest. But the hardest of all to me was the abiding and increasing conviction that I had erred in locating.

What added much to my pecuniary embarrassment, was the fact that the trade I once learned, and was once a good business in the hands of a first-rate workman, was at that time being fast superseded by the recent improvements in machinery.

On this account I had to market part of my production at a distance. Providence evidently frowned upon all that I undertook. I secured a few sheep, and before I got the fleece they strangely left, and I never heard of them again. And I had two horses that died very suddenly. Thus Providence and the advice of the preachers all seemed to call me again to the itinerant ranks. But I had serious doubts of being again received into Conference. Brother Thorn gave me much encouragement to make the trial, and furnished me with a mare that I used four years, and then sold her for as much as he had given for her. This mare was a present to me, but I never knew what assistance brother Thorn had from others.

In view of offering myself for readmission into the Conference, I found great difficulty in so arranging my business as to suit either reception or rejection. On the one hand, if received, I wished without delay to go into the itinerant work, and go any where. On the other hand,

if not received, I wished to pursue my business without much loss. Suffice it to say, that I was recommended for re-admission into the Pittsburg Conference, and received at its session in Wheeling, July, 1829.

I now had to make a powerful effort to get to my appointment, which was the Monongahela circuit. Edmund W. Sehon was my colleague, and Wm. Stevens, presiding elder. The young man that had now been three years in my shop, agreed to work a little while longer. And as our last child was too young to move, I left my family and went to my circuit, and remained about a month, till after my first quarterly meeting, then left my horse, and came home a straight course on foot, about eighty miles. After reaching home I made a vendue, and then hired a large, deep flat-boat, bought twenty-five barrels of salt, covered one end of the boat, hired three young men, and took family, goods, and salt on the vessel, and descended the Alleghany River to Pitts-

burg. Then I went up the Monongahela River to Morgantown.

This trip occupied nine days. My wife did all the cooking on the boat, with fire in a large iron kettle, except baking bread. In daytime we kept the children—five in number—in the tent on the end of the boat, and our young men slept there at night, while myself and family sought lodgings in some house or tavern. This made hard work for us all. When traveling my own position was at the steering-oar, and the young men used the setting-poles. Thus, by the way, I nearly cleared all moving expenses on the sale of the salt. After all my disappointments and losses during my three local years, I was some better off than *when* I located.

And now, in taking leave of my unfortunate location, I wish to say, that amidst all my troubles and *excessive toils* I think I did not backslide from God, either in whole or in part. True, I erred in locating; but I was sincere in believing it a case of *necessity at the time* I formed the purpose and

laid my plans for carrying it out. I saw my error before actual location, but too late for remedy. As the Methodist community were few and far between, we had no meeting-house near or Sabbath preaching. The preachers on Connellsville circuit visited us on a week-day, and preached in private houses. Most of my own Sabbath preaching was done under like circumstances. Much of the more settled part of the community belonged to the Calvinistic branches, called Seceders or Unions, who were principled against hearing Methodist preachers. As neighbors and citizens I shared their friendship and patronage; lived and left in peace.

I was now unspeakably happy in once more occupying what I believed to be the position God designed for me. Long and hard as was my move, I could not overlook the striking providence that cast my lot again in Morgantown; for this was the place where I lodged and preached my first sermon in the itinerant ranks fourteen years before. Brother Sehon

was truly a Christian gentleman and an able and useful minister. In several parts of the circuit there was a good revival, and quite prosperous in Morgantown. Though the circuit afforded but a limited support, yet we were made comfortable by the special kindness of our Morgantown friends. At one time in this year my wife passed through considerable affliction; but the burden was much lightened by the skillful attention of Dr. M'Lane and the friendly attentions of good sisters. It is further due to that noble society to say, that when I served them a few years after in the relation of presiding elder, they presented me with an entire suit of clothes.

I was returned to Monongahela circuit the next year, and C. Brown, a young man, in his first year, was my colleague, and David Sharp, presiding elder. This proved a pleasant year, though I do not recollect as much revival as the past year. We had at one time a small disturbance from lecturing Radicals who were trying

to make a new Church out of the old one, but it did not amount to much.

At the close of my second year on this circuit I was sent to Brownsville circuit, formerly called Redstone. John Spencer was my colleague, and David Sharp, presiding elder. From some cause brother Spencer was changed by the presiding elder to another field of labor, and Thornton Fleming, then in a superannuated relation, was employed as a supply. This was the circuit from which I started sixteen years before to commence the itinerant work. This was in many respects an important field of labor, lying in a wealthy and densely-populated country. But the old Methodist standard had, to a considerable extent, run down. This was occasioned, in part, by the neglect of Discipline on the part of talented ministers, who failed to use their great influence in the right direction. About the close of the year previous to my going into that work I attended a camp meeting held on the circuit, which differed greatly

from those of former years. The style of tents was so fine, and dress and eating so *expensive*, that it seemed embarrassing for the poor to work in such a field, and, consequently, there were but few tents.

Great preaching was in high demand; and, as a speedy reward, a good dinner, prepared *during the sermon*, was in waiting for the preacher as soon as the sermon closed. But we would not have it understood that these big preachers shared these fine dinners alone. There was usually a respectable group of visitors, whose *only business* was to hear a *great sermon* and share a *good dinner*.

As might be expected, such a meeting failed to advance the work of God in the circuit. When I took charge of this circuit I found our oldest and best members, both rich and poor, discouraged about holding camp meetings any longer, and by pretty general consent it was decided that we would not hold any that year; so I labored diligently in the ordinary work during that Fall and Winter, receiving a

few into the Church, but expelling more. On portions of the circuit, and especially at Bridgeport, we were annoyed with Radical lecturers, whose principal aim at that time was to make the old Church into a new one, or to make a new one out of the materials comprising the old one; and yet at the same time that they were laboring hard to pull down and destroy us as a Church, they were in word claiming friendship and *union*. As I had been placed under circumstances to know more about our own Church government, and the workings of Radicalism in other places, than the majority of our people, some of our members were led by Radical aid to regard me as wanting in friendship for these people, and in this state of things strong efforts were put forth by these Radicals to make capital of my opposition.

Under these circumstances I felt compelled to give a public lecture for the information of our people. The Radical preacher attended, took notes, and replied, in a short time, at a meeting con-

vened for this purpose; and subsequently made a report through their paper, which did me and the cause I advocated great injustice. I followed with a brief reply for the same paper, going principally to correct erroneous statements respecting matters of fact; but I was refused a hearing through their paper. By this time I had become so far involved in this matter that I saw I must go through with it. Accordingly I wrote and published a pamphlet, and put it in circulation. This, as I expected, proved a small pecuniary loss to me. Still I yet think that, under the circumstances, it was money and labor well spent.

After this unpleasant work a brighter day began to dawn upon us. I believe that the course I had pursued met the approval of the wiser and better portion of our people at Brownsville and Bridgeport, and generally over the circuit. About this time Hugh Ford suggested the project of a camp meeting on his own land, about six miles east from the old site at Fell's

Meeting-House. This project was for some time a subject of conversation with a few select friends; and while we attached comparatively-small importance to a *new* site, yet we all concurred in the vast importance of a powerful and heroic effort to get it up under *new regulations*, or, rather, returning to the *old way*. The proposed site was examined by myself and a few prominent men in the neighborhood, and the connecting privileges proposed by brother Ford were duly considered. After this the matter became a subject of general conversation; the plan of going back to old style seemed to meet with general approval. The proper authorities of the Church fixed on this site, and appointed the time for holding the meeting, which embraced a few of the last days of August and two or three days of September. This was a point extending into the next Conference year.

In the mean time a few of us met and carefully marked off the ground, and before leaving we united in solemn and earnest

prayer just where the stand and altar was to be erected, committing the whole matter into the hands of God. We felt God then in our midst. As I published this meeting round the circuit, I continued to impress upon the people the importance of our proposed plan of conducting it. The first day we met on the ground to do the public work, just before taking the little refreshments on hand at noon, we all assembled at the stand, which was partly erected, and I gave a few words of encouragement and advice, and we all united in prayer, which produced a happy effect. After this several persons, at different times, when they selected tent sites, kneeled and prayed on the spot selected.

The time of holding this meeting was soon after Conference in August, 1832. William Stevens was placed in charge, and I was his colleague, and Charles Elliott, presiding elder. Father Stevens did not get to the circuit till the second day of the meeting. As I had a family residence in Perryopolis, near the encampment, and

no moving at this time, I continued my best efforts to have all fixtures in readiness on the camp-ground, besides having a little family tent. I was pretty well worked down the day the meeting commenced. As there were but three or four preachers present the first night, brother Elliott insisted on my preaching, urging as a reason that I was best acquainted with the people, and promising to follow with an exhortation, and invite those who were mourning for their sins to kneel at the altar for prayer. I told him I was afraid there were no mourners there. Said he, "Don't tell them so, or you will kill the meeting at the outset." He remarked that "we are going to commence in earnest and at once, and not wait a day or two before we begin." So I went at it in my wet, dirty shirt, and it so chanced that this state of perspiration proved favorable to my voice, so that I made an unusual noise for a short time; giving place to brother Elliott as soon as possible, who rose in an old coat with one sleeve nearly half ripped

off, and at it he went, tossing and winding, frequently from one end of a large stand to the other, and telling them what a glorious time we were going to have, and have it *that night.* ' And as he had great influence with the people, as soon as he commenced inviting seekers, they commenced coming, till we could count seventeen on their knees in the altar.

This very unexpected move had such an effect on the people generally, that they forgot their weariness, till it proved harder to stop than start them. Before ten o'clock, at least three-fourths of the seekers were converted, and many others went shouting to their tents, and some labored with seekers in tents, till a late hour. The meeting so favorable at the commencement, progressed most successfully; so that an unusual number were awakened and converted to God. It had been previously understood and arranged, that the best clothing was not to be worn at this meeting, either by preachers or members, nor best beds or bed-clothes

brought there. And all baking, and other cooking possible, was to be done *before* coming to the meeting, and to have as little variety as would answer the needful purpose. Accordingly, some of the most wealthy and intelligent women used sunbonnets all through the meeting, and men in good circumstances passed the Sabbath in wammises. The preaching was in all simplicity, and right to the point.

Brother Elliott said he was glad we had no great bully preacher there, to scare the rest and kill the meeting. In about two weeks after the close of this meeting, it was ascertained that more than one hundred and fifty persons had joined the Church in the circuit, and still they were coming. And though the ordinary season for camp meetings was now past, yet a kind of simultaneous request was made for another on the same ground, and many pledges for additional tents were made, so that, as preachers, we felt at a loss to know our duty. It seemed hard to refuse compliance with a request so general and

urgent for the meeting. And yet, on the other hand, we could not see how to manage such a concern so *soon*, and yet so *late* in the season. We concluded to confer with brother Elliott, our presiding elder. For this purpose I went to Uniontown, about fifteen miles distant, on Friday, told brother E. how matters were, and the urgent request for another camp meeting.

After a little reflection, he said, "It is of the Lord, let them have it." I then stated the apparent difficulty of getting the needful help in the ministry. He forthwith promised to leave all and be on hands, and named two others besides the preachers of the circuit, and said "that was enough, go ahead in the name of the Lord," and we fixed on the time, which was the 7th of October. So home I went that evening, and the next day to father Stevens's, and we arranged to publish it the next day at our appointments. We moreover engaged a suitable number of persons to give the notice at all the rest of

the appointments the next day, so that by Sabbath evening the information was spread all over the circuit, and only about ten days to the meeting. The good work was still going on, and at the appointed time we had a large gathering and many *new* tents. But, strange to tell, we were as much disappointed at our commencement as at our first meeting, but in an opposite direction. The first night we had but few at the altar, and still fewer conversions. This had the tendency to produce dejection throughout our ranks. But brother Elliott seemed to understand the case, and hastened to apply the remedy. Hence, when we assembled for prayer the next morning at the stand, he said to the audience, that at the former meeting we got the advantage of the devil; but this time the devil had got the advantage of us. He said, previous to our first meeting we felt poor and needy, and had united in a concert of prayer for a revival all over the circuit, and came in humility and earnest prayer;

but, said he, this time we felt that victory was ours already; we have come to *look on*, expecting to see great things, *without effort* and prayer. God, said he, has withdrawn his influence, in order that we may see our dependence. "Brethren," said he, "I think you see and feel that the devil has got the advantage this time, but I hope this will not *remain so*. For one, I am determined that he sha' n't *keep* this advantage." Then *naming* preachers and others, he obtained responses in the same direction, after which he told them, that as we had too far neglected the closet, we would now return to this holy exercise, and said, we will not remain here at present. Let us engage in individual prayer till the next hour for public service. So all dispersed, and most got into the woods on their knees, and some prayed aloud, and some shouted and sung.

By ten o'clock we had a different religious atmosphere from the former evening. And after a short, appropriate sermon, a

goodly number came into the altar for prayer, and the meeting increased in power and interest to the close. And the Lord favored us all the time with good weather, quite remarkable for the season. The leaves were fast falling, and we enjoyed dry, mild, smoky, Indian Summer. But the very night after our meeting closed the rain began to fall, and the weather grew cold, and there was not another day or night that Fall suitable for camp meeting.

The good and great work commenced at these memorable camp meetings progressed through the Winter, and over six hundred were added to the Church that year in Brownsville circuit.

CHAPTER V.

NEAR the close of this year the fatal cholera prevailed at Perryopolis, where I resided. The *first three* that took the complaint all died. I was the *fourth* case, and, to all appearance, was brought to the very gate of death. This was at the close of a memorable two years' campaign. I had in the commencement tried to give myself fully to God and his work. During the first year I had some conflicts, but in the end God was specially good to me and the circuit. In this affliction I had no cloud to darken my prospect of the rest that remains for the people of God.

As I was but partially recovered at the time of starting to Conference, it was with great difficulty I got there. The place of meeting was Meadville, Pennsylvania. When on my way I met with several preachers at Pittsburg. I told

them not to wait on me, as I must ride slowly, and rest some during the hottest part of the day. At my own request, I got clear of them all except Thomas Drummond, and he insisted on accompanying me all the way, urging as a reason, that he considered me too feeble to travel alone. I regarded him as a rare combination of many excellences. Not long after, he fell at his post—as he termed his own death—in the city of St. Louis, Missouri.

My next appointment, in 1832, was Steubenville station. In several respects this to me was a hard appointment. In the first place it gave a long move. I, however, sold and gave away part of my furniture and lumber, hired a wagon, put my wife and children, with my goods, in the wagon, and rode on horseback myself—wife sometimes using the horse for a short distance. When we got into Steubenville we were all strangers. After buying a little furniture, we got a sort of fix, but found we were rather below

what was looked for in Steubenville. But the worst of all was the sad condition of the Church. The Radical secession had taken place just before I came. About the half of the members had gone, and *more* than the half of the pecuniary strength of the Church, so that my means of support did not meet my outlay by a large odds.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, my wife had gotten $150 the previous year, from her father's little estate, and though we lived poorer than usual, we had to use the principal part of this little legacy. But in addition to this embarrassment, the Radicals had gotten one of their ablest ministers from a distance, and were still engaged in efforts to strengthen their Church from our membership. Under these circumstances, it was extremely difficult to exercise any discipline, as efforts in this direction were placed among the acts of ministerial oppression. Though these people claimed to be reformers, it differed from all other reforms, for in-

stead of getting better, and becoming more strict, it was just the reverse.

As facts required me to name pecuniary embarrassment, I will now add that this was not from any lack of kind feelings on the part of our people, or in consequence of any falling off in their contributions. I believe they gave as much and some more than heretofore; but as this was only a medium station before the secession, and more than half their financial force was gone, this will readily account for the pressure referred to. So far as I now recollect, there were no further secessions after I entered on that charge, and perhaps about as many came into the Church as would balance the losses in the ordinary way. My recollection is, that taking the whole year into the account, the Church about held its own, with better prospects in the future than when I first came among them. But as I was a man of small means, I told brother Browning, my presiding elder, that even if it were fitting in other respects for me to remain

another year, that I could not support my family there any longer, and that it was but fair that another should share the pressure with me.

Accordingly, I was appointed the next year in charge of Uniontown district. This was to me another hard appointment. In the first place, it gave me a long hard move, over most of the same road on which I moved one year before. And in addition to this, I had the burden of a new and weighty office, where I had, to a great extent, to labor on the same territory where I thought I had been long enough. To me this appointment seemed to combine both *mystery* and *oppression*. I packed up some things, got a wagon, and moved about in the same style as one year before—taking wife and children in the wagon with our goods. I made my home in Bridgeport, at one end of a large district. The first year we occupied an old house, by no means comfortable. The next year I got a better one in the same town.

As the district was large and my family at one end, I was nearly all the time from home from two to three weeks at a time, and there was one turn in my second year that I was absent *four* weeks at once. In this time I attended *four* camp meetings, all in the mountains, and during this time I had spent but *three nights* in dwelling-houses. As preachers were few in these regions, I had to preach nearly every day, besides other labors in carrying on these meetings. At this time I was greatly blessed in my own soul, and had the pleasure to see the work of God prosper at these meetings. At the time I served the Church in this office, we had no other allowance than simple quarterage, and in most of the charges there was large deficiency in this. In some places certain members of the quarterly conference gave me a little toward paying my rent.

When I had completed two years in this district I told Bishop Soule, the first time we met in the stationing room, that I desired another appointment, informing him

how long I had labored in portions of Uniontown district, and insisted, as I was asking no place in particular and requesting a change on pure itinerant principles, that he ought to grant my request. This was accordingly done, and I was appointed to Washington station. This was in 1836. Here I remained two years, and Thomas Hudson was my presiding elder both years.

I do not recollect any thing special in this charge. I think the Church about held her own, as some term it. Our society here was kind and pleasant to live among, though our regular salaries then and there were small compared with the present time, 1861. It is due to the memory of ROBERT LATIMER, who died in Washington during my last year there, to say, that in his last will he bequeathed me *one hundred dollars*, payable at the death of his excellent wife; and this has been duly received. In conclusion here, I will say that my second year in Washington was one of great mental effort. Besides preaching two and three times a week, I had

charge of a large, intelligent Bible class, that met weekly; and, besides, I was placed that year as one of the examiners of the second year's class of Conference graduates. In addition to all this, I got into a long paper controversy on the perseverance of the saints. As I was seldom on horseback that year, and sat so much at my table, I became clearly convinced that the labors of that year went farther to run down my constitution than any year spent in my hardest mountain labors.

From Washington I was sent to Barnesville circuit in Ohio. This was in 1838. Wm. Summers was my colleague, and Edward Smith, presiding elder. This gave a move of sixty miles. The circuit lay in a rich and pleasant country, with a membership of about one thousand. Our success that year was at least medium. I was reappointed the next year. James H. White was my colleague, and Edward Smith, presiding elder. Brother White and myself labored in the greatest harmony, and we were cheered with good

revivals, considerably in advance of the former year.

My next appointment was Washington circuit. Dyas Neal was my colleague, and Robert Hopkins, presiding elder. This change only gave me a move of sixteen miles. Washington at this time was a large circuit, with several week-day appointments, embracing most of the territory subsequently Westchester circuit. Here we moved on pleasantly, and with some success, but no special revival. The next year I was returned to Washington circuit. Wm. Deveny was my colleague, and Edward H. Taylor, presiding elder. The success of this year was somewhat in advance of the former year.

From Washington I was sent to Summerfield circuit—a move of about twenty miles. J. G. Maple, a young man, in his first year, was my colleague, and E. H. Taylor, presiding elder. This was the first charge assigned me including a parsonage; but it was little more than a *name;* no preacher had occupied it during

the last two years. It was an *old* hewed log-house, small size, one story high, with garret loft, and in two rooms. When I came to it the roof was much decayed, the wall crooked, doors and windows greatly out of order, glass much broken. Most of the inclosure round the lot had fallen down, and the balance stood crooked. An old log stable, or rather the *lower part* of one, was there; all the roof and upper part was gone. The well was in a state of ruin, filthy within, and all the top-work was gone.

Now, as I had a laborious circuit, with about as many week-day as Sabbath appointments, it took all my spare days, *hard tug*, till Winter to get even a poor little cramped fix. This was a circuit famous for revivals; but for so large and zealous a membership it afforded but a limited support to their preachers. Here I spent two years. The second year W. L. N. Gilmore was my colleague, and E. H. Taylor, presiding elder. Both these years the circuit enjoyed good revivals.

About four months before I left we had the use of a small, two-story frame house, with cellar, connected with the old parsonage. This had cost me much care and labor.

Before leaving this field of labor I wish, once for all, to say a few things respecting the antislavery agitation, which had been running its course for several years, and at this time was in its greatest force. It is well known that I stood on the abolition platform; but at the same time I always stood opposed to any and every revolutionary or secession movement. It is true I was for a time a correspondent for Zion's Watchman, but this only continued while it was the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church; for at that time our General Conference papers were not open for a *two*-sided discussion of this subject. But just so soon as the Watchman came out for secession I wrote no more for it, except one article, which contained a firm and decided protest against this movement, with a declaration that I would prefer living disconnected with the Church, rather

than unite with this or any secession from the Methodist Episcopal Church. This article was published.

I have referred to this subject in this connection for the purpose of correcting a most glaring misrepresentation of Dr. Charles Elliott, found on page 263 of his work on "The Great Secession." Here he does me great public injustice in saying, "Mr. B.'s reply contained a set defense of secession from the Methodist Episcopal Church." This was said of an article written for publication when I was engaged in a discussion with Dr. Bond—and a discussion, too, of his *own* proposing, and commenced by himself. Where Dr. Elliott got the information which he ventured to publish I know not. Dr. Bond did me and the cause I advocated great injustice in suppressing that article; and Dr. Elliott does me greater injustice in giving a reason for the suppression, which has no foundation in fact. At the close of my first year on Summerfield circuit the Pittsburg Conference saw fit to elect

me as one of their delegates to the General Conference of 1844. This should be regarded as evidence that they did not consider me an advocate for secession.

When the proper time arrived I left my family and field of labor in Summerfield circuit for the seat of General Conference in the city of New York. As this was the first General Conference at which the pro-slavery demands of the South were resisted by the *majority*, we had a thorough development of slave despotism in the workings of this General Conference, as well as the secession that followed. Such was the fear of the consequences of fixing even the least and mildest censure on Bishop Andrew, that, instead of a four weeks' session, we paused and trembled for nearly six weeks, and then, to accommodate the South, involved the Church in a tedious lawsuit and great pecuniary loss. This tedious session, added to the time spent in traveling to and from Conference, kept some of us nearly two months from our families and fields of labor.

On leaving Summerfield circuit I was appointed to Canton and Massillon circuit. Thomas R. Ruckle was my colleague, and Hiram Gilmore, presiding elder. Here the distance, at least eighty miles, was quite oppressive and unexpected. As our Conference sat in Steubenville, instead of going directly home, I started for my appointment, and to get a place for my family and conveyance for family and goods. At Canton I engaged a large wagon for my goods, and a separate conveyance for my family, for I was yet too poor to own a buggy. After parting with most of my lumber and some furniture at Summerfield, I loaded the wagon with our goods, and we slowly pursued our way to Canton, where we found a pretty good parsonage, though we had but little to put in it; so I bought a little more furniture, and we once more got to housekeeping.

But in a short time I was attacked with chill and fever, then prevailing in that community; and though I sometimes got in the way of recovery, I again relapsed,

so that I was greatly interrupted in my labors till the cold weather set in. After this I continued to prosecute my work during the Winter without interruption, and entertained hopes that I had acclimated; but early in the month of May the complaint returned with greater violence than before, so that I could do but little for the circuit. Dr. Bonifield, my kind physician, told me that such was my constitutional liability to the disease, that he did not think I could live another year there; and as I despaired of rendering service in that work, I looked to leaving the place. As I still believed my lungs were sound, I entertained some hope that I might recover in a hill country; but with the best hopes I could summon my way in life appeared dark. I had done little for the circuit, and it did little for me. The charge was feeble in a pecuniary point of view, and was overburdened in the appointments of that year, having two married preachers, with considerable families, and both moving a great distance. I think

the first quarterly contribution did not more than meet our moving expenses; and taking the whole year into the account, we were largely deficient in our net quarterage.

CHAPTER VI.

At the close of this year our Conference met in Beaver, Pennsylvania. One or two of the preachers had offered to take me to Conference in their buggy, but with my little strength, and great liability to relapse, I did not think proper to venture. I forwarded all business papers on hands, and wrote to the bishop and Conference stating my condition, and submitting my case to their wise disposal, and I was continued in an effective relation, and appointed to Barnesville, then a six weeks' circuit, with James Drummond and Thomas M'Clary; S. R. Brockunier, presiding elder. This appointment gave me another long move, when I was not able to attend to packing, and money exhausted. The Conference sent me *ten dollars*, which proved a timely aid, and several of our kind friends at Canton and Massillon gave

us presents in the way of clothing, and we got to our appointment. I rode in a buggy, furnished by brother Patterson, of Canton, who also hauled my goods. We took residence in Fairview, and in about ten days after we arrived I tried preaching moderately. After six or seven trials I was taken down with flux, which continued for three weeks, till I was nearly spent, often dropping into sleep when my physician was trying to speak to me. Dr. Drummond, in the mean time, gave me the kindest attentions. Through the good providence of God, I was again raised from the very margin of the grave.

The good people of Fairview, my old parishioners, were very kind to us. And I think the best people through the circuit manifested a greater desire to supply our wants, than if I had been able to serve them as in former years. In the mean time brother Drummond and brother M'-Clary prosecuted the work of the circuit with vigor, rather trying to hold me back than to urge me forward. In the mean

time, as the weather grew cooler, I gradually increased in strength, and after losing about two months, I was once more prosecuting my work regularly, and continued to improve in health and strength through the Winter; and by the time of Conference, I felt and looked like a new man. At Conference, brother Drummond and myself were returned to Barnesville circuit, and James L. Deens with us, and Wesley Kenney, presiding elder. We passed a pleasant and ordinarily-successful year, which made my fourth year in this circuit, having served two terms of two years each.

The next year I was appointed close by on Flushing circuit. J. W. Baker was my colleague, and S. R. Brockunier, presiding elder. This *ought* to have been a better circuit than it really *was*, lying in a good settlement, well supplied with meeting-houses, and a membership of more than six hundred, and a large proportion heads of families. Though I could serve the circuit conveniently, and continue my

family in Fairview, yet I offered to move into their bounds, provided they could furnish me a suitable house; but as this was not convenient, with the consent of the stewards, we remained in Fairview, where my family loved to be. This was a year of but moderate success, both in regard to enlargement of the membership and our support. I got my net quarterage, but this was about all. I may say I paid my own rent, $40. Though there were a few dollars over my quarterage, yet I spent nearly the same amount in a parsonage difficulty. For such had been the bad management of an unfinished and badly-arranged parsonage, then on hands about *twelve years*, that it would require $100, not to secure, but *to get clear of the house;* that is, such was the original debt, with years of accumulating interest, that it required $100, and all the house would then bring, to pay the debt then on it. In making a desperate effort to raise this $100, which was for years considered a hopeless case, I was pressed

into the payment of thirteen dollars myself.

This and many other difficulties were disposed of, and I expected to serve the circuit another year, when, I believe, out of kindness to me, I was sent to Washington circuit, where I had formerly labored two years. D. Trueman was my colleague, and J. C. Taylor, presiding elder. During this year we enjoyed some prosperity, but nothing very special occurred. The next year the form of the circuit was a little changed, embracing the town of Cambridge, and it was made a six weeks' circuit, bearing the name of Washington and Cambridge circuit. I was continued another year. John D. Rich and A. J. Blake were appointed with me, but from some cause brother Rich failed to come, and his place was supplied by Thomas J. Taylor. J. C. Taylor was presiding elder. This year was attended with medium success, but no special revival.

My next appointment was Norwich circuit, with D. P. Mitchell, who had labored

there the previous year, and M. Dallas was added, this being a six weeks' circuit. J. C. Taylor was presiding elder. On receiving my appointment at Conference, I inquired of brother M., who had family residence in Adamsville, where I had best place my family. He said in the town of Norwich, by all means; informing me that the stewards had rented a large brick house there, at $50, and at the same time gave some intimation that *I* was expected to be the occupant. Knowing this to be a fine rich country, and an important circuit, with more than one thousand members, I was not careful to see the house *before* moving. The name of a *large brick* at a cost of $50, seemed enough, and rather too much for me, for I felt some fears that it was too large and grand to correspond with what I had to put in it. When I returned to my family in Washington, I found a chance to forward a small wagon-load of my movables at half-price, as the wagon was going empty through Norwich to Zanesville, for loading there. Two or

three days after sending this load, being Saturday, I went to Norwich to fill the regular work of one Sabbath, intending to return the beginning of the week, and move the balance of my goods and family to this large brick house.

But how great was my surprise and disappointment on Saturday, to find an old dilapidated concern, with cracked wall, crooked and broken windows and doors, no stable, no water, and near a mean drunkard's tavern, with just room enough between for a ball-alley, which was generally occupied with dozens and scores playing at ball for whisky, and swearing loudly and profanely! On entering the house, I found the inside still worse than the outside. True, it was large—so large that I learned four straggling families had used it at the same time. When I entered where my goods lay, I found the rooms too dirty to be cleaned, and my little affairs in a ruinous, filthy condition. On Sabbath I preached twice, and returned home to Washington on Monday, and told

my wife how things looked at the big brick. This caused the remainder of our packing up to go heavy. When we got to Norwich, wife was ready to admit that the half had not been told her. With heavy hearts herself and daughter made an effort to clean one room, but the disagreeable odor only increased, and especially in the wall cupboard.

The cellar was dark, and without any ventilation. When we entered it with light, we saw hard sights. One visit was enough. It had been used for purposes I must not here name. As we concluded at all hazards not to remain in the occupancy of the house, we only unpacked in part. After a little inquiry, I found a citizen of the place who had a farm a few miles distant, about to remove to his country-seat, and he agreed to let his town house and lot to me for $35 per year. I accepted the offer, and we moved into it in about three weeks. The house was a sound frame, built but a few years; the water first-rate; and the house stood in a pleasant part of

the town. Yet in many respects this tenement was greatly wanting. All the inside of the stable was to make, including floor, loft, mangers, troughs, etc. I built a coal-house, privy, and ventilated the cellar, which was then dry and good for any purpose. These and several smaller matters I improved, all which afforded us a pleasant home. Yet the outlay and work done here, added to the thirty-five dollars paid the owner, run up a cost of at least fifty dollars. This I paid myself, quietly, and the stewards as *quietly* paid the fifty dollars for the large brick, which remained unoccupied most of the year. Early in the Fall of this year, my mare, a large, black animal, took the disease called the farcy, and was on my hands useless, causing heavy expense for several months. At length, failing to get her cured, I had her killed. I was much perplexed, and twice deceived, before I got the right kind of a horse again. I, however, at length got well suited, but entirely at my own expense; no one aided me with one

cent. All this looks gloomy, yet God was at work in the circuit, and nearly four hundred were added to the Church that year. Truly it was a year of great sacrifice and labor on the part of preachers. We had eighteen appointments, and held protracted meeting at each place, for a longer or shorter time—at some places continuing over two Sabbaths. Some four months were occupied with these meetings, while in the mean time there was but slight interruption to our regular work. Usually but one preacher was present on Sabbath; then on Monday, and sometimes on Sabbath night, the others came on, and thus we pushed the battle, mostly through the week, giving up our homes and families. I have sometimes called at home on Monday, fed my horse, and took dinner like a stranger, and then away to night work.

As my pecuniary losses were so great this year, the Conference presented me with fifty dollars from the collection for necessitous cases. This I refused to ac-

cept, as I had served a circuit which had such large ability. But brother Murray, one of the Conference stewards, threw it into my hat, and J. C. Taylor, my presiding elder, and others, insisted that I *must* keep it. True, I stood in great need of it, but it ought to have been given to me by the wealthy on Norwich circuit. As this circuit now numbered over fourteen hundred members and probationers, it was about equally divided at the close of the year. The south end still retained the name of Norwich, and the north end Adamsville. I was returned to Norwich. James M'Ginnis was my colleague, and J. C. Taylor, presiding elder. I still occupied the same house, and my rent this year was paid by the circuit. Still this was a hard year as it regarded ministerial support. Many were dissatisfied with the division of the circuit, and between the want of will and the want of ability our receipts were small. Brother M'Ginnis was in his first year, yet he had a wife and three children, and rent was paid for

two houses. Heretofore the membership of this circuit was so large that they had not learned to make effort.

The property I used for near two years was sold on terms allowing the buyer possession the first of April, so that I had to patch out the last two or three months as best I could, renting two rooms, and scattering some things in different places, till Conference. We had nearly as prosperous a year as could be expected under the circumstances, and after so large a gathering to the Church the previous year.

From Norwich circuit, in 1852, I was next sent to Smithfield circuit in Steubenville district, and Wm. Cox was presiding elder. Though this was a four weeks' circuit, I was alone, and "one to be supplied." This supply was given in the person of C. Wortman. This appointment gave me once more a long move, about seventy miles, and came within eight years of the time I took my superannuated relation, and was my last *long* move in connection with the regular work. During these eight

years I had work in Steubenville district, and nearly all in Jefferson county, Ohio.

In order to meet my appointment to Smithfield circuit, I had to sell our favorite cow, and such other things as to reduce my household effects to *one* wagon-load. We occupied an old frame house in Smithfield, which required much mending up, and stable still more. We found some kind friends in Smithfield. The circuit had suffered the past year for want of pastoral attention, and I had to grope my way in the dark, having received no documents except a meager plan, containing a mere list of appointments, without any *dates*.

During the Winter there was a considerable revival in progress at most of the appointments, and many were added to the Church, perhaps too many. Rev. D. S. Welling labored at two or three points as a *visiting revivalist*, and no doubt was instrumental in good; yet it was to be feared that some joined him rather than the Church, for when he was gone they

had little or nothing to do with the Church. Yet after all our culling and dropping, we had quite a cheering increase, and our collection for missions had risen from nineteen dollars the preceding year to one hundred and thirty dollars this year. Though my own allowance was not all raised, yet I got more than ever before.

I was returned to Smithfield circuit the next year. A. L. Petty was my colleague, and W. Cox, presiding elder. This was a pleasant and prosperous year, though the number added to the Church was not so large as the former year. Our allowance as preachers was all paid, and the collection for missions was about twenty-five dollars over the former year. This was the first year I ever realized one hundred dollars as table expense.

The next year, 1854, I was appointed to Springfield circuit. J. C. High was my colleague, and W. Cox, presiding elder. As my moving distance was only sixteen miles, I engaged two wagons. But near the close of packing our goods I was

taken suddenly and violently ill, fainting and vomiting severely, so that in less than two hours I came near dying in the doctor's hands. He afterward told me that if my constitution had not been good he could not have saved me. This affliction came at a trying time, for, according to previous arrangement, the wagons came that evening from a distance to take my goods. The men deferred loading till morning. They loaded early, and put off when there was but faint hope that I would ever follow them.

In the mean time the kind friends in Smithfield, with whom we had spent two pleasant years, were on hands, bringing in such things as were needed. W. Devinny, my successor, came on with his family and goods to occupy the house we were leaving. They only unpacked in part, and were very kind and accommodating to us. It was near three weeks after this attack before I could try to follow my goods, and even then I could barely sit in a buggy while another drove the horse. We

found kind attentions at Springfield. But I was not able to preach till about four weeks after getting there, though I *visited* some appointments sooner.

But what added much to our embarrassment, the parsonage and premises were in a run-down condition; cellar door off and broken, and cellar covered over with green, stagnant water, mingled with rotten vegetables, and no passage to let water off; fencing and gates broken; stable doors down and broken; stalls, mangers, and troughs in like condition, and pump useless. As soon as possible I hired repairs, which, with material, amounted to seventy dollars. Many small jobs I did myself; so that we began once more to feel at home. The friends over the circuit promptly responded when I applied to them to refund the cash I advanced for repairs on the parsonage and premises. Brother High, my colleague, who married just before Conference, took boarding with us for himself and wife. We had a pleasant year, with a good share of religious prosperity.

I was again appointed to this circuit the next year. A. L. Petty was my colleague, and W. Cox, presiding elder. I was glad to be once more in joint labors with brother Petty, and brother Cox was a first-rate presiding elder. I think this was a pleasant and profitable year both to preachers and people. Besides a good work of awakening and conversion at several appointments, the circuit was generally in good order; and besides supporting their preachers well, they perhaps furnished more for missions than any circuit in the Conference. At the close of my first year on this circuit I was again elected as a delegate to the General Conference of 1856. Attendance at this Conference somewhat interfered with my closing labors on Springfield circuit; yet as brother Petty was very efficient and attentive, we wound up matters pretty well, with parsonage and circuit in good condition.

My next appointment was to New Somerset circuit. W. H. Tibbles was my colleague, and C. H. Jackson, presiding elder.

Our Conference that year was held in Salem, Ohio. As the preacher on New Somerset circuit was taking my place at Springfield, I returned from Conference by the way of Somerset, hoping to arrange a partnership in the hire of wagons for moving our goods. When I got to Somerset I found brother M. and family all in motion, preparing for a speedy move. But a glance at the parsonage and premises frustrated all my plans. The inside of the house reminded me more of an Irish shanty than the residence of a Methodist preacher. It was not only filthy, but so injured as to render restoration almost hopeless, and even impossible, without time and much expense. I remarked to brother and sister M. that they had the advantage of me at present, inasmuch as they had a house to go to, but I had none. I then told them plainly that I could not use the house in its present condition, and proposed to brother M. that we mutually agree to defer moving for two weeks—as the parsonages were but twelve

miles apart—till I could see the circuit, and ascertain whether I could get another house. To this they assented; and I pledged *a certain day* that the parsonage at Springfield should be "empty, swept, and garnished."

Under these arrangements I returned home, bearing this gloomy intelligence to my wife. After remaining one night at home, I returned to my circuit, filled the appointments for one Sabbath, and spent a few days visiting different points, in consultation with the stewards and others. All seemed to admit that the parsonage in its present condition was not fit for me to occupy; but at the same time they proposed improvements. On this condition I thought I had better use it. As no other place seemed available on the circuit, I returned home, rented a house by the month in Springfield, and after fixing it up, we forthwith moved into it. This change of houses gave us much labor. Having a pretty-comfortable situation, and being much attached to the people

of Springfield, wife thought, as we were now far advanced in life, that we had better continue our residence in Springfield; and this was strongly insisted on by many of our kind friends there.

But on further acquaintance in my circuit I saw clearly that, unless I moved to their parsonage, I would be placed under such disadvantages as would hedge up my way of usefulness on the circuit. In the mean time, as the parsonage was unoccupied, some advance was made in the way of removing heavy filth from the cellar and other places; doors and windows were set open for the purpose of purification. But it soon became evident that, in order to rescue the parsonage and premises from ruin, a much greater work must be done. Brother Tibbles, my colleague, who was well suited to the task, took firm hold of the matter; raised funds, purchased material, hired workmen, and at the same time doing much himself; succeeded in getting glass in windows, plastering mended, grate set new, rooms whitewashed, and

entire house painted outside and inside. I moved into the house early in October.

But notwithstanding the heavy and costly work already done, I found constant employment for all my spare time till Winter set in, repairing lot fence, mending gates, refitting stable, and putting an addition to it. Many other things too tedious to mention, besides some that ought not to be named here, had to be done. In the mean time brother Tibbles, then a single man, took boarding with us. As there was no well on the lot, brother Tibbles, who was always on the alert, devised a plan of getting one dug and walled, quite late in the Fall. This was accomplished with small outlay, as brother Tibbles not only procured *free* labor, but did considerable himself. I did most of the top-work in a convenient form. So we had a first-rate well, abundant in water, and near the door.

It is now time to say something about the circuit in a moral and religious aspect. As might be expected, it was in most places

and in many respects too much in keeping with the parsonage. The pastoral and disciplinary work had been greatly neglected, and societies run down. Center Chapel was the best exception to this state of things, though *our* future success there was not in keeping with most of the other appointments. As brother Tibbles and myself were living together, we were of one heart and one mind, and went to work with all our might, on the principle of kill or cure; and we were sustained and aided by our principal members. As our Methodism is always the most available for good where its name and *nature* are kept *together*, we were favored in some of our main appointments with as much *religious* as *parsonage* improvement.

The next year I was returned to the circuit. John Crisman was my colleague, and C. H. Jackson, presiding elder. This arrangement brought together the oldest and youngest preacher in the effective ranks of the Pittsburg Conference.

CHAPTER VII.

As I had, during the last two years, been the oldest member of the Conference, both as a man and minister, who stood in the effective ranks, I now began to look to the dreary ranks of the *superannuates.* And as my means of subsistence were so limited, I felt that it might afford me some advantage to spend my last effective year or two in a circuit where I could remain without moving *after* my superannuation. As I had now traveled all around Richmond circuit, and as it looked like a pleasant and advantageous center, and some one had *then* to go from another charge there, I felt a desire to be that man, provided I could occupy the position of *junior* preacher. Accordingly, for the first time during my ministry, I communicated my wish to brother Jackson, my presiding elder, a short time before Con-

ference. My first intelligence was, that the officiary, without any knowledge of my wish, had come to the conclusion not to take any preacher from Conference, but patch out a year with Sabbath preaching by the professors in Richmond College. It is not likely that the wiser portion of the officiary of that circuit ever favored such an anti-itinerant project, and it was wisely abandoned, at least so far as to ask one preacher in the regular work, and I was appointed alone in charge, and "one to be supplied." At the same time it was well understood that Professor Nesbit, of Richmond College, and member of the Pittsburg Conference, was to be that supply, and brother Jackson, the presiding elder, carried out the arrangement. Brother N. attended Sabbath preaching throughout the circuit, and, in addition, gave considerable help at nights during protracted meetings.

On being assigned to this circuit, I moved my family to the town of Richmond, and enjoyed a pretty good house,

but so badly arranged on a *slope*, that it was hard for a woman to do ordinary work in it.

The year that preceded my appointment to Richmond circuit, the project of what was called a district camp meeting was gotten up, and a site about one mile from Richmond was fixed on as the place for holding this meeting. For several years previous to this time I had little or nothing to do with these meetings, believing that our people, under false and mistaken notions of improvement, had paralyzed their original power for good. On this occasion, as my Somerset charge was near by, through the kind persuasions of several preachers, I consented to waive my objections, and use my influence with my charge to patronize this meeting, having assurances that it was to go off in good old style. I therefore did what I could by urging the people of my charge to tent, aiding in the public fixtures, and tenting myself. We had a large and orderly meeting, but did not succeed in get-

ting it to move in *old style*, by a large odds. It was a *fine dressing* and *feasting* time, and with the exception of a small fraction, but little interest was manifested for the salvation of sinners. A large number of preachers were in attendance—*too many*—as most appeared to feel and act on the principle, that "what is every body's business, is *nobody's work*." Consequently, but little apparent good was effected. This meeting closed with a large vote by tent-holders to have another meeting on the same ground the next year. This second meeting came on my first year in Richmond circuit.

As I found the camp meeting on hands, I put forth my best effort to get it up in the good old way. To this end I used the pulpit and press, but all to no purpose. I found I was *too old*, and camp meeting apostasy of such *long standing*, that I could no longer wield the influence I had done twenty-five years before in Brownsville circuit, and in other places *back* of that date. This second camp

meeting was much *larger* in tents and congregations than the first, yet it was not productive of any more good. During the ensuing Winter a long meeting was held in Richmond, with good success. A number were converted, and still more added to the Church. Several were converted and added to the Church at other points.

During the former part of this year I was somewhat on the look-out for a small home in Richmond, but found nothing comfortable could be had for my very small means, as property there rated high. Some tried to persuade me to go ahead, and build or buy, promising that many old and new friends would assist me. But I did not think it prudent to promise payments dependent on such uncertainty. In the mean time similar propositions were making at different points in my surrounding old fields of labor. While matters lay in this posture, my brother-in-law Heaslett, and wife made us a visit from Delaware county, Ohio. They held out pretty strong

inducements to settle near them. This did not impress me favorably at the time, as it lay so far off, and out of the bounds of the Pittsburg Conference. And besides, I entertained fears that the country was too level to suit my constitution. After brother H. returned home, he informed us of several situations that he could look favorably to, and one in particular, which he urged me to come and see, that would soon fall into other hands if I did not take it. Knowing that my wife and her relatives had a mutual desire to be near each other, and aware that, in the event of my dying first, wife could find some special consolation in the presence of other relatives, I went early in January, 1859, and as the property was a good bargain, I bought it from a good Methodist brother for twenty-five dollars less than if it had gone into other hands, which was $375 to me—paid all down, and got my deed. I left the property in care of my brother-in-law, to rent it one year from the first of the next April.

I also left $80 to furnish certain improvements *before I* used the property. I then returned home to Richmond, and finished that Conference year there. The next year I was returned to Richmond circuit, and, at my own request, I was placed as junior preacher. Brother Nesbit, now released from the charge of the College, had the charge of the circuit, and C. H. Jackson was presiding elder.

As both brother N. and myself entertained like views on the impossibility of making camp meeting in that country what it once was, we mutually agreed to abandon the effort, and nearly all the members in the circuit concurred in our views. I still continued to live in Richmond, but occupied another and more convenient house than we used the first year. This, however, was not accomplished without some pecuniary sacrifice on my part, which was all *voluntary* with me. In the first place, I chose to pay ten dollars of a sixty-dollar rent, rather than occupy the house used the former year, for which the

circuit paid forty-five dollars. In addition to this ten dollars, I had to fix pump, stable, cellar, and several other things, amounting to at least ten dollars more; but I had then a comfortable place in a pleasant part of the town, in an agreeable community. In the month of March of this year I received a serious injury in the left knee, occasioned by falling partly through an opening in a barn-floor. At the time this occurred a storm with heavy rain was just at hand, and in my haste to escape, I rushed into a barn with a *heavy* saddle resting on the left arm. The hole into which I fell was covered with a thin coat of hay, which deceived me. The right leg sunk down, and the haunch joint on the same side caught on the edge of a board, producing a severe bruise. In the mean time the left leg caught on the board at the opposite side of the opening, thus throwing my entire weight, with saddle and rush of falling, in a direction to press or bend the leg *sideways*, so that the whole force bore in a direction to *open* the inside of

the knee joint. The shock was such as to prevent my rising for a short time. I found a stick in the barn, so that with great difficulty, and in much pain, I got to the house. This was on Saturday evening. After a night of much suffering, I was still more helpless in the morning than the former evening. Yet in great pain, and with much difficulty, I rode twice, and filled both my appointments the next day. With great effort I continued to fill all my appointments. For a long time I could not use the stirrup in getting either on or off my horse, but was compelled to use some kind of elevation, in getting off and on.

In addition to this injury, early in May of the same Spring, while fixing a shelter for my buggy, I fell a short distance from a ladder, and my side came in contact with the end of a board, breaking one rib, and injuring others. From this cause, for near two months, I was unable to lie on that side, either by day or by night. Yet in the lapse of three months I was entirely

recovered from this injury. But not so with my knee. Though I had used many remedies, I continued to suffer long and hard, and the prospect of recovery was not as favorable in six as it was in three months. And even nine months after the injury occurred, I still suffered severely when either bending or stretching the leg in bed. It is now about one year and nine months since this injury took place; and though at certain times, and in certain postures, I feel returns of pain, yet I have great reason to be thankful that, at my advanced age, I am so far recovered from so serious an injury. And much and long as I suffered from broken rib and sprained knee, I did not miss one appointment on Richmond circuit.

Near the close of this year we were favored with some revival on part of the circuit, which was very consoling to me, as I was then doing my last Winter work in an effective relation. Previous to starting to Conference, I wrote and put up some advertisements for my little vendue,

to take place so soon as I could get back, which was the Saturday of the week on which the Conference closed. I preached the next day in Richmond, which was my last sermon there. During the day—which was the first of April—we had a heavy storm of snow. On Monday and Tuesday all hands were busy packing to move to our little home at Eden, Delaware county, Ohio. Wednesday was the time set to haul my goods to the railroad, distant five miles.

About the time my goods were loaded in three wagons, with small, open beds, the rain began to fall, and increased during the forenoon. As one plan stood connected with another, I had to put off in our buggy with wife and daughter, in the midst of falling rain. And such was the condition of the roads, and prospect of high waters, that I was compelled to abandon the plan of taking horse and buggy by road. Wife and daughter took the cars early on Thursday morning, at Unionport, and passing through Colum-

bus, reached their friends near our intended home on the evening of the same day. But I had to remain at Unionport till Friday morning, in order to get a car for my horse and buggy; and I went on the same train in disagreeable company, at little more than half the speed of a *passenger train*, and yet paying just as much for myself, *besides* horse and buggy, as though I had gone on a passenger train. This train did not reach Columbus till in the night. With great difficulty I got my horse out of the car, and with still greater difficulty in the dark, I found a mean gambling-house, called a tavern, where I could hardly get a small snack for the horse, that had neither food nor drink since he was put in the car. I tried to eat some myself, but soon gave it over.

Early in the morning I got the owner of the house to try his luck *elsewhere* for a peck of oats, which he succeeded in getting. Next I procured the aid of the nearest blacksmith, with suitable in-

strument; went to the car containing my buggy, got it out, put it together, geared the horse at the car, and once more in the buggy, and glad to get out of the city. After a drive of about twenty-eight miles, which I accomplished that day, I met my family, with their friends, in the evening. This was truly cheering after two such days as I had passed. On Monday and Monday night the rain fell in heavy torrents, on soil already deep with mud, and the waters rose to an unusual hight, so that it was with the utmost difficulty I got my goods to my home in Eden, a distance of less than three miles from the railroad. My goods were all boxed, except eight chairs; and being in good boxes and carefully packed, we found nearly every thing safe.

Having sold cow, cooking-stove, and nearly all our furniture, as well as all lumber, we had much to hunt up in order to commence housekeeping here; and besides these things, we found our house and premises in bad condition.

During the first three or four months after coming here I felt greatly perplexed with care, and often so prostrated with labor that I had to lie down as long as I had labored, when engaged in a hard job. After righting up old things, and making some *new* improvements, we now enjoy a comfortable home; and though this is a flat country, it seems favorable to health. The greatest and most afflicting disappointment I have met in settling here is the low state of religion in all the Churches. I think this applies to the Methodist Church here to a greater extent than I have ever known elsewhere. The longer I am here the better I like the country and people as *neighbors* and citizens. If we enjoyed religious prosperity I think I should not regret coming here.

Before closing this narrative I wish to name one matter that escaped my recollection at the proper place. I refer to a first-rate silver watch which was *presented* me by seventy preachers, when the Conference sat in Pittsburg in 1850. I was

informed that it cost thirty-five dollars in the city. This watch, as a token of *respect* from such a source, is valued far, far above thirty-five dollars. I still carry this watch, and retain a list of the donors' names. As the watch bears the initials of my name, I have bequeathed it to a grandson, who bears the same name in full—to be used by him when I have passed from *time* to eternity, should he be my survivor.

PART II.

A DISCUSSION

UPON THE

Hardships and Sufferings of Itinerant Life.

THE ITINERANT LIFE.

As the foregoing sketch of my life and labors has been almost entirely confined to *narration*, in connection with an effort for *brevity*, I now wish to add a little, rather in the form of *discussion*, or perhaps it may, to some extent, be a combination of both. My subject will be the *sufferings* and *hardships* of an itinerant life. Under this general range I propose to notice WHAT IS NECESSARY, WHAT IS NOT NECESSARY, and WHAT ARE THE RELATIONS OF THE PEOPLE TO THE PASTORAL WORK.

I. WHAT IS NECESSARY in order to prosecute this great and good work.

1. It is necessary *to endure cold, and to travel in the heaviest rains.* A preacher that has any *ifs* or *exceptions* about the weather, should never engage in this work.

I recollect at an early period of my ministry in the Baltimore Conference, that during the examination of character at Conference, some objections were made to a young man, on the ground that he had disappointed a certain congregation oftener than he had served them. At this point a kind brother said that he had learned on good authority, that it was raining on those days of disappointment. At this point J. Gruber, from his seat, asked if it was raining pitch-forks. This was quite significant in this connection. Nothing short of pitch-forks could stop Gruber, nor ought it to stop any itinerant.

There is, however, more real danger to life in some situations from extreme cold than rain. I recollect the first year I traveled, that, under peculiar circumstances, I came very near freezing to death. In the first place, the cold was most extreme, and the *wind* blew very strong. A snow had fallen more than two feet deep, and, during soft days, had melted

and sunk to about one foot, and then froze into a crust. My way was only a path along the spur of a mountain, eight miles without a house, and no track since the snow fell. I was four hours on the way, and the horse's legs were bleeding, and the horse covered with frozen sweat. Long before I reached the cabin where I was to preach, I had suffered all I could suffer, and had gone into a dull, sleepy condition, and could neither move eyelids nor mouth. When I got to the inclosure in which the cabin stood, I was so blind that I could not distinguish the bars from other parts of the fence. Some one opened the bars, I rode to the door, got off, but could not feel when my feet touched the ground. I went into the dark cabin, where was a large fire. Perhaps I got too near, and soon fainted, then vomited, and became very sick, so that I could do nothing for them that day. For some time I was unable to speak a word. One reason why I strove so hard to get over that road was, that if I failed there, much of the other

work could not be reached. I missed no other preaching but that day, though I was much out of order for three weeks. And it is pretty certain if I had not then possessed a most vigorous and hale constitution, I must have perished that day.

2. *In glades, and some other flat places*, we have to contend with mud, or rather *swamps*, causing great difficulty, and even *danger*, both to man and horse. When I traveled Somerset circuit, in Baltimore Conference, in 1817, I had to pass over a large scope of country called glades, on the south end of the circuit, lying mostly in the western point of Maryland. In passing through portions of these glades we could hardly say we had any road, as the best policy in general was to keep on the unbroken sod, avoiding the open spots. And it was much easier to keep out of places that we *knew* by experience to be bad, than to secure a better. On one occasion I had a sad specimen of this. The usual pass over a small stream had become so deep and difficult that I dreaded

another effort at that place. So I ventured another. The horse, large and strong, was soon nearly covered with mire. I was quickly off, and sunk nearly as deep as the horse. My first effort was to get out myself, which was attended with some difficulty. I then got a stick, and drew my saddle-bags through the mire, and got them in my hand; but the horse was still sinking deeper, till his hinder part was nearly covered. For a short time I had fears that he had found his grave. However, with the aid of my stick, and getting pretty deep in the mire, I got hold of the bridle-reins, and raising my voice, the horse made a desperate effort with all his great strength, and barely succeeded in extricating himself.

Though we were both in sad condition, I felt to praise God for so great a deliverance. I was still three miles from my preaching-place. Myself, horse, saddle, and saddle-bags were so coated with mire, that I could not ride without greatly worsting my condition. So I walked the rest

of the way, borrowed some apparel, and preached as well as I could. After this we had a sorry time, washing, and otherwise cleaning up; but after doing our best, I still suffered some loss, both in appearance and in reality.

Before leaving these swampy glades I will name another occurrence which took place during the Winter of that year. Such was the form of the work, that, in returning from the south end of the circuit, I had a long Saturday's ride, without an appointment, partly in mountains and partly through glades, and our only chance for feeding either man or horse was to carry food with us. And if we became very cold, as a substitute for fire, we could dance on a rock without music. On one of those lonely Saturdays it chanced to be extremely cold; and as considerable snow had fallen, I could not know the softer spots till I was in them. Though I did not at any time get fast, yet the horse frequently sunk to the knees, and sometimes deeper, so that *cold* and thin

mud combining, operated on the horse's legs, on the same principle as dipping candles, till the legs began to be too *heavy* and *stiff* for traveling, and continually getting worse. And, under the circumstances, I could neither *prevent* nor *cure*. So great was the obstruction, that instead of reaching my destined lodging-place an hour or more before sunset, I did not arrive till near nine o'clock at night. I got the horse into a good place, but could do nothing with the frozen mud around his legs. The best I could then do was to get strings and some old clothes and soft straw, and thus tying up the legs, till they presented a huge appearance, and so left them till the morning. I then found most of the mud loose from the legs, from the heat of the horse. But the great mass was still around the legs like crockery, only much thicker, so that it had to be broken with care, in order to relieve the legs.

3. *The water courses*, especially in the mountains and new settlements, where

there are no bridges or ferries. A persevering preacher is frequently in a great strait between the possible and impossible. I have often rode through both large and small streams when, *after* passing over, I would not have risked a repetition of the act for any man's horse. I will give one case as a sample, which occurred in 1823, when I traveled Alleghany circuit in Baltimore Conference. We had a week-day appointment at a brother King's, close to the Potomac River, on the north side. When I came to the river I knew I could ride it with my large and well-tried horse; yet in view of its depth, and especially the heavy bodies of mush ice then floating, I regarded it as a large undertaking. As the ice generally passed in bunches, or what was called *shoals*, leaving between these floats a space with little or no ice, I watched till a heavy shoal passed, and quickly set in above, and with effort reached the opposite shore just as the next heavy ice was coming. This I considered close work, as the river there was near two

hundred yards wide. But the worst was still to come. After I had preached and met the class I was informed that the river was about a foot higher than when I came over, and still on the rise, and I found the surface more closely covered with floating ice. As all the rest of my work on that end of the circuit lay on the other side of the river, I felt strong inducements to get back. Without waiting dinner, I got my horse at once, tied up overcoat and leggins, fastening them behind the saddle, and girding the saddle tight, I mounted the horse, with a heart lifted to God for protection, and entered the stream. The strongest and deepest part of the stream lay nearest the opposite side. When I had gotten about the middle of the river, with water high up the horse's body, I discovered a large piece of *hard* ice floating a short distance above, and a little before me. My first impression was to try to pass *before* it came, but, as I did not know its size, I concluded to check the horse till it passed. In the

mean time the soft ice was crowding my horse down stream for a short time. I then let my feet and legs drop into the water, feeling that a swim was likely to be the only remaining security. Before reaching the shore the horse was nearly covered with water, but my weight served to keep him from floating.

In this wet condition, and freezing at that, I rode four miles for lodging, and so grateful to God for life, that I did not feel the effects of wet and cold as I would have done under other circumstances. I have often held my horse by the bridle, while he has swum over a stream on the upper side of a well-paddled canoe. At other times, when the canoe was too small to risk this operation, I have had the horse turned in loose, and caught him when he came out, using the canoe for myself, saddle, and saddle-bags.

4. *Some long moves.* Though I do not believe that *all* long moves to which some itinerants are subjected are necessary, either for their good or the good of the

work, yet it is impossible to keep up the itinerant work without moving. We think it *unfair* for any man in youth or in the prime of life to settle down either in a little or big home, and still claim to be an itinerant preacher. Such, in the nature of the case, can not live among their people; and if they are accommodated for a length of time with work near them, it must be at the *expense of others*, who are *thus* made to do their own share of moving and some *for their settled brethren.* Our removals are in all cases confusing and laborious, and, when long, more expensive than is generally reckoned. In case of a long move lumber and most of our furniture has to be disposed of in order to make one wagon answer the purpose; and we usually get but little for what we sell in a hurry, while we have to pay again full price for our new supplies.

5. *Want of support.* Though I here place this in the list of the *necessary* sufferings of the faithful itinerant, I do not wish to be understood as saying that *all*

faithful itinerant ministers who fail to receive a comfortable support are deprived of this by the circumstances in which they are placed, or *want of ability* on the part of those whom they serve; yet it is true in regard to some of our circuits, where the membership are generally very poor and few at that. Though a minister may be satisfied that the people of his charge love and wish him well, and do all they can to supply his temporal wants, yet the fact that they are not supplied is a great drawback on a minister's improvement and usefulness. In most families where we are entertained the people, and especially the poorer class, for the time being, go far beyond their ordinary fare to give us the best they can command. This we believe is done in some cases at the risk of a very poor meal after we leave. In this way, on the supposition that these poor are skilled in cooking—and some are—it affords the preacher a better living when abroad than either his family at home or his parishioners have. And surely a

kind husband and father must feel unpleasant while enjoying a good meal abroad, to know at the same time that his family must have a poor one at home.

Having thus far glanced at some of the sufferings and hardships *necessarily* belonging to an itinerant life, I purpose,

II. To notice some not Necessary.

1. *Some long moves.* This may at first appear strange and contradictory, as I have, in my former division, contended that some *long* moves were *necessary*. But here is no contradiction. As, for instance, suppose A. is sent to an adjoining circuit, where he has never preached a sermon, and is in all respects the right man for the place. Here all seems right. But if, instead of this arrangement, because A. is a good fellow, and will certainly go where he is sent, and never trouble the bishop or cabinet about his appointment, yet in order to make room for B., who is settled, and won't move, A. is sent one hundred miles. This would be an unnecessarily long move—not nec-

essary on itinerant principles, but rather the consequence of a departure from itinerancy in another direction.

I am free to admit that the good of our work and the best interests of the Church might require that a special man be sent a great distance, for a special work. Say a first-rate presiding elder is needed there. I would say let us have him. And let the Church see well to it that he suffers no loss in his temporal circumstances by this long move. But to send a common man all at once, more than one hundred miles to the poorest circuit in the Conference, I think is not called for by any principle in our noble itinerancy. For my own part, I never had the vanity to imagine that any charge was clamoring for me, nor do I suppose that I was the hardest man to station. I believe it was a general understanding, that brother B. could and would go any where. And, perhaps out of a *certain kind* of respect, I have been occasionally honored with an unaccountably long move.

2. *Shy neglect, when first moving to a new place.* This sometimes subjects both the preacher and his family to physical hardships, and in all cases to mental depression. I have gone to more than one place, where it appeared, at first, as if there were no Methodists there. In order to get my goods out of the wagon, the wagoner and myself had to overlift ourselves. No one came near to speak a word, or lend a helping hand. The house was so dirty and out of order, that we hardly knew whether to put things in, or to leave them out till some sweeping or scrubbing was first done. In the mean time, we were hungry, and knew not how to get any thing *soon*, as we had no wood or coal to make a fire, and our pots and dishes were hard to find in a hurry.

I do not think people intend to place us in such an unpleasant condition. But this is rather owing to a want of thought. They do not know how much we are made to suffer, both in body and mind, for want of the assistance they could so easily give,

and yet do not give. I have good reason to believe that some think it out of place to come near, or speak to a preacher or his family, till we *first* hunt them out like rabbits in their holes. I am especially inclined to this opinion, from the fact that some who stand at the greatest distance at first, give good evidence afterward that they are kind and helpful. While I have shared in the ills and hardships just referred to, I take great pleasure in saying that I have often experienced a happy contrast. So soon as the wagon came, good friends were all around us; some taking wife and children to *their* homes, and inviting me and wagoner to a meal with them; while so many were ready to unload that I could hardly get room to help them. And I not only had timely information as to *where* I could get wood, coal, straw for beds, etc., but some *assistance* in securing these immediate necessaries.

3. *Want of care, or abuse of parsonages.* I am in favor of building well-ar-

ranged, comfortable parsonages, on one condition, and not otherwise. The condition is this: When a new house is ready for use, let the trustees write and paste up rules to this effect: That so soon as any part of the house, or any thing pertaining to the premises is injured, beyond the natural force of *time* and *wear*, the preacher is to have one month's notice to leave the house and live elsewhere as best he can, at his *own expense;* and in the mean time, let the trustees have the breaches at the parsonage repaired at the *preacher's expense*, to be taken out of his next quarterly dividend. I am aware that some, both preachers and members, would object to this as too severe. But in this way every man would bear his *own* burden, instead of leaving his filth and ruin to be rectified at the trouble and expense of *another.* For my own part, I would rejoice in the *high privilege* of occupying a parsonage now in good order on these very terms. My mind has been settled in a firm decision for years,

that we should proceed on these terms, or have nothing to do with parsonages. For my own part, during my long ministry, I only used four parsonages, and *three* of these I must place among the *sorest trials* and *hardest labors* of my whole itinerant life, as may be seen in the brief history I have given in the foregoing work.

4. *Want of support in rich places.* I have already referred to this condition, where it was supposed to proceed from want of means on the part of a small, poor membership, and therefore I need not repeat what is there said. But while want or destitution, considered in itself, is the same, from whatever cause it may proceed, yet in its bearings on *mind* there is a great difference. Suppose, for instance, a faithful, laborious minister is placed on half what he ought to have, or what would afford him a comfortable support, and at the same time knows that a majority of his parishioners are able to do more or less, yet do nothing for him, and others that could and ought to give their

ones, threes, or five dollars, give *dimes, quarters, or half-dollars*, the preacher can not, in the nature of the case, feel that he is among his friends, or that he can approve or fellowship such persons. True, if he is the right man, he can and will *pity* and *pray* for them, and labor just as much as if they did *their* duty, but he can't extend to them his *approving fellowship;* yea, *he ought not*, when it is so clear that God disapproves them. It is hard enough to feel pinching want itself, but to live and labor with a people we can not and *ought not* to fellowship is much harder.

5. *Want of the necessary documents when entering on a new charge.* Here, I fear, is a great lack of ministerial fidelity. During my long itinerancy, I have rarely received any document from my predecessor, except what is called a *plan*, and this has generally been a poor, meager thing. I grant that if *all* preachers moved on the principle that we have nothing to do but get into a buggy and ride to

church, preach, and if not home the same day, stay at a good place, and get home with speed on Monday, and stay there all week, and so from week to week, on this plan, a bare list of appointments would answer every purpose. But a man who intends to do *all the work* of an itinerant, and attend to all the interests of the Church, should have such papers as will enable him at once to know how all matters stand in the circuit.

Allow me here to notice one or two cases, as mere samples. Suppose my predecessor informs me that there are one hundred subscribers to the Pittsburg Christian Advocate, say on Richmond circuit, but gives no names; or suppose he gives the names, but not the post-offices where the papers are received; or suppose he gives the post-offices, but no account of the volume and number to which each subscriber has paid, I am still in the dark. But if he gives the names of each, with post-office, volume, and number to which each has paid, then, and not till then, can

I collect in due time, and remit to the office of publication. Nor is it sufficient to know that fifty or one hundred persons are on *probation* in a given charge, without knowing *who* they are, *where* they are, or *when* they joined. Now, want of information respecting these, and numerous matters on hands in a circuit, is rolling an unnecessary and *oppressive* burden on any stranger, who honestly and resolutely aims to know and do all the work of a preacher in charge.

6. *When the officiary and other influential members fail to sustain the preacher in a mild and firm exercise of Discipline; or, still worse, when they throw their influence against him.* When laboring under the pressure indicated in these lines I have often felt the force of the old adage, "Union is strength." When a presiding elder, who has charge of all the preachers in his district, and who is solemnly pledged "to take care that every part of our Discipline be enforced in his district," comes along and makes close inquiries in quar-

terly conference concerning these matters, and urges a close and strict attention on the preachers and other official members; then in love-feast gives a few words of warning against the most popular and imposing evils found in the Church, as well as neglect of duties, and charges the preachers, in presence of the members, to give strict attention to these matters; and next in the large Sabbath congregation, for a short time, takes hold of these matters, for it is well known that many of these ungodly, trifling, indolent members never make their appearance till eleven o'clock on Sabbath; then after the faithful presiding elder has left his mark, let preachers, and all official members, and other good, influential members stand up together on this platform, and we can carry any measure clearly taught in the Word of God or in our Scriptural Discipline.

But, on the other hand, suppose a presiding elder, with the vast influence that *talent* and *office* give to him, comes along;

preaches a good doctrinal sermon on Saturday; then holds quarterly conference, without a word of inquiry concerning reading rules, visiting from house to house, the baptism and instruction of children, or the collections for missions, Bible, Tract Society, Sunday School Union, or Conference claimants; then on Sabbath, when the unfaithful, trifling Church members and the most *ignorant* and wicked part of community are present, we get the great, *far-off* sermon; and just in proportion as such presiding elder shares applause, the close hunting-up preacher, who labors to exercise our Discipline, is subjected to censure.

It is a fact that ought to be duly considered, that ministers who refuse or fail to testify against the sins rife in the Church and community around them, do, in *effect*, indorse them. If any doubt this assertion, let them pause, and look at the facts in the case. See, for instance, where a charge has been served for a few years with able preachers, who, with their fam-

ilies, conform to the world in dress and behavior, and fail either to read or execute our General Rules; then let some old fogy, as he will be called, try to bring or keep the members on the true Methodist platform, and such minister will not only be unheeded, but censured by the majority of the Church. And as evidence that they have formed their opinions more from the example of others than either the Bible or Discipline, when they utter their complaints, it is in the language of "*he*," "*his*," "*him*," etc. Though the preacher may stand firm on the platform of the Bible and his Discipline, they appear to know or care little for either. If their *honesty* and *courage* were in keeping with their real *disloyalty* to the teachings of the Bible and Discipline, when they utter their complaints, it would be in the language of *it*, instead of *he*, *him*, or *his*.

Our greatest hinderance in efforts to execute our Discipline comes not so much from the actual transgressor, as those who take sides with the unruly. I have fre-

quently found devoted parents, and especially mothers, quite ready to apologize for their vain, trifling children. True, they do n't generally do this in a *direct* way, yet in its bearings it amounts to just the *same thing*. As for instance, when we talk to their children concerning some improper act, they refer us to certain virtues connected with them, or run off to some other practices in the Church which they think worse than what attaches to their children. In this way they unfortunately neutralize all our efforts to govern their children by the Methodist standard. Many have been heard to say in the presence of the ungodly, that "he [their pastor] had better let these things alone, and preach the Gospel;" that "such preaching will do no good." Permit me here to ask such talkers one or two questions: 1. Is it inconsistent with preaching the Gospel to show the people their transgressions? 2. Is the fact that sinners, in and out of the Church, refuse to heed Bible warning and teaching a valid reason

for withholding these truths? Consistency will and must require an *affirmative* answer to both these questions.

I am well aware that the prominent points in this division of my remarks will be considered too severe by many, both in the ministry and membership of our Church. And yet they are *true*—awfully and alarmingly true. The fact that so large a portion of our preachers and members have so greatly failed to come up to their Church and conventional engagements, has, by *consequence*, left me and others to bear such an unequal share of our heaviest burdens, that I am honestly and *truthfully* compelled to mark it as the hardest feature connected with my itinerant life. As this is one of the hardships *not necessary*, I have penned these things for the benefit of those who may live and labor in this great and good work when I am gone to rest. I have no complaints to utter for any lack of friendship or kindness on the part of my ministerial brethren. The pleasing reverse has

always been abundantly manifest, and still more so as I advance in life. The hardship referred to was a *consequence* not *intended* by any minister.

7. *Badly-arranged meeting-houses, in pulpit, altar, stoves, and want of ventilation.* Notwithstanding many modern improvements in church building, in some places there still remains much that is awkward and oppressive both to preachers and others, but especially to preachers. Some pulpits are still too high in the entire structure, and still more are too high from where the preacher stands to the book-board, which makes kneeling in prayer very embarrassing, and preaching less convenient and comfortable both to preacher and hearers. It is sad folly to elevate the floor in the altar six or eight inches above the floor of the house. In the first place, this is more expensive than to continue the same range of the rest of the floor into the altar. When a seat forming the altar bench is a convenient hight to kneel from the outside, then, in

case of elevation, it is all that difference too low from the inside. To the preacher this is inconvenient in administering baptism to adults, the Lord's Supper, and still more so in speaking to penitents who kneel there. When we have to stoop so low, it causes a rush of blood to the head, which is followed by a kind of oppression all through the system, and rapidly destroys the voice. No person can stand half the labor in such a position as when the floor is as low in as outside the altar.

Stoves are often too near the pulpit, so that when the house is made comfortable for the congregation the preacher is very uncomfortable. In some places we have to endure the heat beating in the face: this is both uncomfortable and injurious. And in many small houses, where we have to remain with the crowd for two or three hours, and no window can open at the top, this is *martyrdom* to the preachers.

8. *Want of care on the part of the sexton, or no sexton.* In cold, damp weather, where there has been no fire for a week,

it is of the first importance that a fire be made so long *before* the hour of preaching as to warm the house, having two opposite windows a short time open before the assembling of the congregation; then near the preaching hour close the windows, and renew the fire. But instead of this, or any thing like it, I have hundreds of times found some person or persons, just at the hour of preaching, *beginning* to kindle a fire in the stove, which produces a choking smoke, mingled with bad air; and in some cases, regardless of all comfort and common decency, one or two, with brooms in hand, were dashing away, and dust flying, as if a thrashing-machine was operating in the church; while, instead of being in the pulpit at prayer and selecting the hymns for the occasion, I had to walk up and down, with leggins and overcoat on, and occasionally going to the door to get a little fresh air.

At protracted meetings I have frequently found people sweeping a very dirty house just at the very time appointed

to commence morning service. As a necessary consequence, the seats would be nearly as dusty as the inside of a grist-mill—abusing clothing and books. Any person ought to know that if a meeting-house is not swept at a time for the dust to settle and be brushed off the seating and pulpit while the house is unoccupied, it is much better to let the dirt lie *still* on the floor. In such case the seats and pulpit are much cleaner, and kneeling quite as convenient.

9. *When required to sleep in a dirty, ill-scented bed, and to eat dirty victuals.* I have put these together, as they are mostly or always so in fact. It is not going too far to say, that in some families our food is about as clean as cats, dogs, and small children would have it. I have, in some instances, known all these creatures diving in and getting the first bite or sup of something in *hard case*, even *before* such trespass. I recollect a sore, red-eyed woman, that wore an old hat, on the first circuit I traveled, who

had prepared dinner before going to meeting at the old log school-house. And as it was her purpose to bring the preacher home with her, even the buckwheat cakes were all baked, and set in what was called the stock-hole, in the back wall of her cabin chimney. As all had gone to meeting except the cats, when the door was opened the cats were seen helping themselves to the cakes. The old lady hallooed "hiss cats," at the top of her voice, and then, in the way of heavy complaint, remarked that she believed they "had the worst cats in all the country, for they would n't let any thing alone." But as they only nibbled round the edges, and did not eat much, the old lady sprung around and got the cakes on a slab table, with some milk in hard-looking tins, and some butter on an old pewter plate, which reminded me of Joseph's coat of *many colors*. I managed so as to wait till some one took the top cake, on which the cats had sat, and in taking off another, I was careful to use only the middle part, leav-

ing the edge part marked with the cat's teeth, on my plate.

But I must not dwell on particular cases. Suffice it to say in more general terms, that dogs and cats frequently licked pots and skillets that were afterward used just in the condition they left them; and small children would take knives and forks from the table to a *dirty, wet* floor, while a mother would lay them back just in the condition the children used them; and this act was sometimes repeated during the preparation of the same meal; and if I dared describe *the condition of the floor* on which they lay, the case would appear much worse. Children with filthy hands would reach into dishes and take of the contents, and after biting off a piece, throw the balance back. Hens would get at bread or dough, which was afterward presented for family use.

I have often felt that it would have been a great relief if I could have kept away from such meals. And I only sat at these tables lest I should offend them by stay-

ing away. I frequently tried to talk about hunting, or any thing that came to hand, in order to keep them from noticing how little I ate. Yet I often heard the wonder expressed, how it was that I looked so well and ate so little. But they did not know that I sometimes had bread in my saddle-bags, which I used along the road, and drank pure water from the rocks, instead of dirty milk.

But hard as was the eating matter, the sleeping, in some cases, was worse; especially as there was less chance to dodge than in the eating part. I frequently met with very short beds, so that I had either to coil up, or extend feet and part of the legs far over the foot end of the bed. But the filthiness of these beds was the greatest hardship. In some places, the cover consisted of a small feather bed, and nothing else; and in most cases the tick was too dirty to ascertain whether it was composed of woolen or linen, and very much resembled an oil-maker's apron. When I got warm, the odor was so strong

that it reminded me of the description I have had of the middle passage of a slave-ship. I have often been under the necessity of using my pocket handkerchief muffled about my mouth and nose, to prevent the covering from touching my face. In some places, other covering besides feathers was quite as filthy, and scarce at that. In such situations I have spent much of the night awake, and sometimes got low-spirited, and wept as I lay.

10. *When required to sleep in a damp bed, though clean, or to use food but partially cooked, or very badly managed, though clean.* A damp bed, though good and clean, is more dangerous than a dirty one, not damp. Such damp beds are more likely to be found among those in good circumstances, than those of the poorer classes. Some of the poor have no *spare* bed, and therefore can only furnish the preacher by putting him with another person, or giving him a bed while its regular occupant prepares a sleeping place on the floor. In such a family a preacher is not

likely to find a damp bed. But a bed standing in a room without fire in the Winter, or during a long rainy season, will become damp. Some nice people are not aware that the *clean* sheets with which they so kindly furnish the preacher in the Winter season are so damp. I have often gotten into these fine clean beds, when in less than five minutes my feet and neck would give notice of the damp state of the sheets. With heavy drawers and flannel shirt, I have sometimes risked a slight degree of damp, and lain still. In more extreme cases I have gotten on the top of the covering, lying at one side of the bed, and turning the opposite side of the covering over me. This is a good plan to get clear of damp sheets; and these are sometimes so damp that if the good woman would hold them before the fire the rising vapor would surprise her. The safest way is always, in the Winter season, to put them through this operation before placing them on the bed.

It is with some degree of embarrass-

ment that I proceed to notice the afflictions caused by unskillful cooks, as it looks so much like meddling with women's business. And were it so that none but women had to *eat* the things prepared, I might pass this matter in silence. But as they cook for *men*, not only preachers, but the common day-laborer, I shall, therefore, as a representative not only of preachers but my sex generally, call attention to this afflicting matter. And I wish it distinctly understood that my complaint does not lie against poverty, or the want of variety or rich fare. The ground of my complaint is just as applicable to the pot of mush or johnny-cake as the most costly fare. And now while I am at the mush-pot, permit me to say that this simple, cheap fare may suffer as much proportionable loss in the hands of an unskillful cook as the most costly dish. Just look for a moment at the difference between a mess well salted, *long* and well cooked, and a *hasty*, thin splash, nearly raw. Now, this

latter is just the kind of mess that is had in many genteel families. I would, therefore, advise the preacher not to extol the mush supper in a strange place, lest he should get into a trap.

Again: suppose corn-bread is the only kind on hands, how great the difference between a well-raised, well-baked lump, and a heavy, *slow*-baked, and *half*-baked lump! And while all buckwheat bears the same name, how great the difference between a well-raised, quick-baked hot cake, and one composed of thick, heavy batter, slowly baked, and then lying without dressing till nearly cold! We will take another case; namely, the difference between a fowl well-cooked, till the flesh becomes soft and rich, and easy to separate from the bone, and one put to cook too soon after killing, and not half cooked at that. Such is hard to separate from the bone, besides having a strong, ill taste. And many a good fowl has come to just such an end.

It is well known that hog's flesh is

mainly relied on for the meat supply, so that through the principal part of the year, if we get meat, it is of this kind. And yet, so far as my long experience goes, I have found that at least three-fourths of this is injured, more or less, by bad management. It is often salted in the same vessel in which the hogs were scalded, and that, too, on the evening of the *same day* on which the hogs were killed. This is a bad beginning, as neither meat nor vessel is in a proper condition for such packing. In this condition the meat is left *too long*—perhaps two or three months or all Winter—till it becomes a *rank*, *slippy* thing. In this condition it is often cut in very thick slices, and set on the table nearly *raw*. Now, if the same article were salted in a pure, *cold* state, and taken up in due time, and smoked, not with old, dirty, rotten chips, but pure, green hickory limbs, then sliced thin, and well fried or broiled, both the fat and lean meat, as well as gravy, would be pure and pleasant.

It is well known that wheat bread and coffee are articles in daily use in almost every family; and yet many mothers and grandmothers still continue to prepare these daily supplies in as defective condition as though it were their first effort in this direction. To me it has appeared strange and unaccountable, as these females have seen and used good bread and coffee when abroad, that they did not find out how greatly these things needed improvement at home, and at once set about learning. I have wondered that their husbands, who have frequently shared good bread and coffee elsewhere, did not notice the defects in the home circle, and labor for some reformation there. It is true that a skill that can produce *first-rate* coffee is rare, and perhaps hard to obtain. This we hardly look for in common life; but to advance greatly beyond the common standard must be an easy matter.

So far as my observation has gone, I have found at least one-half of the genteel women very defective in making cof-

fee; and not a few of these so far behind that I could not venture a second cup. I suppose, in the first place, that they had literally *burnt the coffee to death*, and subsequently done something that I could not even guess. In some cases the mess looked more like the water in which the outside of a black pot had been washed than coffee to be drank. As it regards the wheat bread, it is generally baked at too slow a fire, and consequently lacks that lively sweetness found in well-raised bread, that is cooked as fast as possible to avoid burning. But some large loaves, after being in a baking process more than double the proper time, are still white at the bottom. In this company we generally find pies or custards, with *thick* crust, and nearly raw at the bottom.

In order to see more clearly the difference between good and bad management in the use of the *same materials*, I will close this point by presenting the history of a single meal, which I received about sixteen years ago by a genteel, pious

member of our Church. On a wet, cold day in November, while on a pastoral move, I got a little deranged in my plans in consequence of the absence of a certain family from home, which made it necessary to go some distance to another place for dinner. In this way I came after dinner-time. On entering the house I remarked to the sister that I was in a bad fix, being wet, cold, and myself and horse both very hungry. My free manner appeared to take well, and she asked me if I could use buckwheat bread. I said, "Yes, first-rate." She forthwith commenced preparing the batter, which I think was mixed with cold water, and quite stiff at that. The baking was commenced in a few minutes, but not so soon ended; for she held on in the spirit of a liberal kindness till she got six cakes, broad and thick, and still looking much the same color of the batter, for the iron was not hot enough to produce a singe on the cakes. She next got hold of a good-looking ham, cutting out three broad, thick

slices. These were so moderately fried that they were a good match for the cakes. By this time I was beginning to think that she was not hard on the wood, when all at once she began to use a fresh supply of bark and chips, and set on a skillet with coffee to burn.

This operation went forward with great rapidity, and we soon had such a strong coffee scent as somewhat interrupted our interesting conversation. The coffee was soon burned—yes, literally burnt to death—and was ground, and mixed with warm water, and soon on the table; so that in about two hours after coming in I was seated at the table, with bread and meat enough for six laboring men. I used about half of one cake, a small piece from one of the thinnest cuts of meat, one cup of coffee, and hard at that. It is easy to see that a right cook could have furnished a comfortable meal from these materials in half the time; while long time and *ruin* were the facts in the case. The first was last, and the last first.

11. *Requiring a preacher during the heavy labors of a protracted meeting to ride from one to three miles on horseback, in a cold night, after hard labors in a meeting.* There is no doubt but such a movement on the part of a preacher will consume his constitution more rapidly than all his pulpit and Church labors together. Any preacher that wishes to make the best improvement of time, and do the most to advance the cause of God, should carefully avoid *riding* in cold or cold wind on coming out of a church in a state of perspiration at *night.* There are but few places where a preacher can not secure a sleeping place within half a mile of a church, if he is resolute, and lets it be publicly known that he is willing to stay either with good or bad people, and that unless he can secure such accommodation his stay must necessarily be short. A hale young person, who is only at one protracted meeting during the Winter, may for a few nights ride and keep a horse hitched in the cold during a long night meeting; but a preacher who

has to labor till he perspires, and is engaged in such meetings through most of the Winter season, should avoid such traveling; and, besides, it is too hard on a horse to stand in the cold so *many* nights.

As I never stopped or failed to fill an appointment in daylight in consequence of rain, snow, or any weather God sent, I hope I will not be understood as teaching that a preacher is not to endure hardness. It is *necessary*, in order to meet and fill *all* our regular appointments, that we ride through all kinds of weather; but with good management it is seldom or never necessary in prosecuting the labors of a protracted meeting. The two cases differ in another point of view. While a cold night ride, just from a close, warm church, will prostrate and ruin the constitution, the fact of riding in daylight, through the worst weather, when free from perspiration and well dressed, contributes to make a good, hardy constitution. It is not fair to infer that because a preacher

refuses to move round and visit, either by day or night, during the hard labors of a protracted meeting, that he is either refusing or declining to do this work. It is generally best to do one thing at a time. In this way, if we keep on the *move*, we are likely to do the most work and the best work.

III. The Relations of the People to the Pastoral Work.

In closing these remarks, it has come forcibly before my mind that there were two sides to the subject on which I dwelt; one relating to the preacher, and the other to the people among whom he lives and labors. The first alone has been dwelt upon in the previous sections; and the reader will recollect that by far the larger share of the sufferings and hardships endured by the preacher were ranked under the head of those "*not necessary*."

Now, if I am not greatly mistaken, some preachers cause a large amount of *unnecessary* trouble to the families with whom they stay. It is well known to those fam-

ilies that have had long experience in entertaining and lodging preachers, that some are more than double the trouble that others are. With a sincere desire to produce such a reformation in families as would relieve our preachers from unnecessary hardships, I felt compelled to be very specific. I shall, in the nature of the case, feel compelled to take the same course with the preacher. And while I admit that the great body of our ministers are so far my superiors that it would better become me to sit at their feet and learn, than to offer them any aid by my reformatory hints, yet it is quite obvious that many young men of fine ability, and some not so young, greatly need waking up on this somewhat delicate subject. Before I go into particulars, I am free to admit that such is the diversity of taste and family fixtures, that what might much annoy one family, would not much, if any, disturb another. Still it is obvious that a clear gain course is in all respects the safest and best. In order, then, to avoid

giving families unnecessary trouble, a preacher should

1. *Try to secure a convenient horse*, avoiding all unnecessary strapping and rigging. Some men have two girths, crupper, and four times as many straps, rings, and buckles about the head and neck as are necessary on a convenient horse, thus causing much trouble at the stopping and starting points. Some horses are so restless and unruly in stables, that in one night they will break and spoil enough to give the owner of the stable a heavy job the next day. In short, a preacher should use a handy horse, so that all that is common to be done with a horse is easy and safe to be done either by man or boy.

2. As far as matters are under a preacher's control, he should get where he intends a meal or lodging in *good time*. If he stops for dinner, he should come *before* the time, rather than *at* or *after* the time. This is better both for him and the family. And if he calls to stay all night, he should

try to get along before the stable matters are fixed, as new arrangements in the dark cause so much trouble. And should a preacher need any special matter, such as to require warm water, either for tea or bathing the feet, let this be made known *before* the point of retiring to bed. Some men give much more trouble in the simple matter of shaving than is necessary—always borrowing tools, instead of carrying their own, and daubing over a towel with their suds, and splashing water over tables or bureau-top—while a neat and careful man can do the same job, requiring nothing of the family but a little warm water, and not splash a drop of that on any furniture.

In the single matter of the morning wash, if water is placed in the bedroom, some make a great splash, wetting table or wash-stand, and some abuse even the floor or carpet; while a careful man can do the same job without scattering one drop. In some cases, in washing out of doors, the water is scattered or thrown

out where it injures; and if freezing, causes walking to be difficult, if not dangerous. It is rude, when in a nice family, for a preacher to raise his foot or leg on a chair or table, or to use a sofa or bed with shoes or boots on, or to set a wet hat on a bureau or table, or a glass or pitcher containing water on a table where books and papers lie. I grant that these are in some respects small things; and yet a stranger who is worsting every thing about him is a serious annoyance to a clean, tasty woman.

3. A preacher should in all cases *rise so early in the morning* as not to incommode any stirring, industrious family by waiting breakfast for him. Some are greatly wanting here; so that some meals are much injured by delay, and men kept from their work. Some preachers who rise earlier straggle off just as the breakfast is nearly ready, and thus cause families much trouble and loss of time; and some, after all these delays, will occupy more than double the proper time at fam-

ily worship. This is only a habit, and can easily be corrected.

4. And lastly, the worst is still to come—*the use of tobacco.* This dirty, stinking practice is sometimes more in the way than all I have named besides. Whatever rights a man may claim, he can not lawfully claim to intrude upon the rights of others; but this is more or less the case with every tobacco-user. If a preacher lights his big cigar, and commences puffing in the small room, others must leave or suffer; and the tobacco-chewer scatters his filth wherever he goes. O, how shamefully some preachers pollute hearths, carpets, and stoves! I recollect two preachers that traveled with me who gave so much trouble in this way, that good women requested me to tell them to stay away. They have both died in the prime of life, and I fear from this cause. I believe the only circumstance that has rendered it unpleasant for me to be in the presence of the members of the Pittsburg Conference has been once or twice, that resolutions condemnatory of

this practice were presented for Conference action. While some laughed at the *fun*, others seemed to look with a stern gloom of opposition upon such resolutions, while they knew, or ought to have known, that this practice was hedging up the way of some members of the Conference, destroying their influence, and landing some in an untimely grave.

Finally, all must admit, that while the tobacco-user is a great annoyance to such as do not use it, the man who refrains from its use is not on that account in the way of any one; therefore, the minister should entirely refrain from its use in any and every form. Some say they "*can't quit it.*" I would advise such to pause, and consider whether such a declaration is consistent with plain *truth.* For my own part, I would not dare to make this declaration in reference to the food that sustains life. So far as *mere self-denial* is concerned, I could refrain from the use of food; but this I *ought not to do*, because it is the *stay* of life; but tobacco

is the *drain of life*. To be *consistent*, a preacher who thinks he *can't* quit the use of tobacco should never make a temperance address.

PART III.

A DISCOURSE

UPON

THE PASTORAL RELATION.

THE PASTORAL RELATION.

"Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief; for that is unprofitable for you." HEBREWS XIII, 17.

SUCH is the language of the text just read, that some might be led to regard the selection as a signal of an effort for self-promotion. But let it be remembered that the Christian ministry is not a self-originated scheme, but the distinguished ordinance of Christ. Both the message and the messenger are from God. Hence the minister has no discretionary power, either as to whether he will preach, or what he shall preach. On the one hand, a "woe" awaits him if he "preach not," and on the other hand, if he does preach, he is bound and limited to "speak as be-

cometh the oracles of God," and to declare the whole counsel of God on all subjects. No motives of delicacy can be pleaded as a valid reason for suppressing any part of Heaven's counsel. With this understanding, we notice from the text

I. THE RELATION WHICH PASTORS SUSTAIN TO THE CHURCH.

On the one hand they are represented as being "over" the Church; and in correspondence with this, the members of the Church are commanded to "obey" and submit. Judging, then, from this single portion of Holy Writ, we think it incontrovertibly clear that the government of the Church, under proper restrictions, is committed to the ministry, called and chosen by the Great Head of the Church. And besides this, every person at all familiar with the contents of the New Testament, must be fully aware that our text is but a mere sample of numerous passages of kindred nature. At the 7th verse of the same chapter in which our text is found, the following charge is given

to the Church: "Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God." To the same purport we hear the apostle, 1 Thess. v, 12, 13: "And we beseech you, brethren, to know them which labor among you, and are *over* you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake." And in 1 Timothy v, 17, the apostle charges and directs that "the elders that *rule well* be counted worthy of double honor, especially they who labor in the word and doctrine."

In our list of quotations, we assume what has been often proved from the face of the New Testament Scriptures; namely, that elder and bishop are synonymous terms, applied to the same order of ministers. And the same is true of several other terms, such as presbyter, pastor, etc. With this understanding, we proceed to notice a prominent trait in the character of "a bishop," as given in 1 Timothy iii, 4, 5. "One that *ruleth* well his own house, having his children in subjection, with all

gravity. For if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the Church of God?" Here it is obvious that the apostle puts family and Church government into the *same* hands, so far as a bishop is concerned, and illustrates the latter by the former. The fair conclusion from the foregoing is, that so sure as God places a minister at the head of his family for the purpose of governing his house, in like manner he is placed in the Church for its instruction and government. It is true, the *nature* of the one government in some respects may differ from the other, but still it is government in the same hands.

That pastors are held responsible for the government and character of the members of their respective charges, is evident from some of Christ's messages to the seven Churches in Asia, as recorded in the second chapter of Revelation. The pastor in each of these Churches is singly addressed, as being responsible for the character of the membership. In verses

fourteen and fifteen Christ says to the pastor at Pergamos, "I have a few things against thee;" and we learn from the words following that the first was, his having in his charge "those that held the doctrine of Baalam," etc.; and secondly, "them that held the doctrine of the Nicolaitans." All that is important to our present purpose, is to know that the principles referred to were such as Christ did "hate," and that the pastor was responsible for retaining persons in the Church with these principles.

The same lesson is taught in reference to the pastor of the Church of Thyatira, verse 20: "Notwithstanding, I have a few things against thee, because thou sufferest that woman Jezebel," etc. So far as concerns the matter now under consideration, it is not important to know who this Jezebel was; whether a person of that *name*, or one resembling in character that ancient idolatrous princess. She was evidently the patron both of idolatry and adultery, and on these accounts was hate-

ful to Christ. Now, as the pastor at Thyatira stood charged with suffering her to remain in the Church, consequently, he possessed the power to remove her.

It is unnecessary to multiply formal quotations on this point. Suffice it to say that, in the New Testament, pastors are commended for "ruling well," and they are directed "to charge," "to reprove," "to rebuke," "to watch," "to silence," "to put away." And the very account they must give to God in connection with the discharge of these duties, shows that their office and responsibility was peculiar and personal, and much greater than that of any private member of the Church, which it could not be, if they were the passive agents only, in matters of doctrine and discipline, of the will of the whole society or congregation.

Having, as we trust, shown that the exercise of Church discipline is by the appointment of the Great Head, placed in the hands of the pastors, it will be proper and necessary, in the next place, to devote

some attention to the *nature* of this government, and the mode of its exercise.

As to its nature, it is wholly *spiritual*, designed to extend the kingdom of Christ over all the earth, and raise its loyal subjects to his everlasting kingdom in glory. The whole Church, embracing every member in each branch, is bound by the laws of its Great Head, as they understand them. Hence, when a particular Church has embodied its views of the doctrines of the Bible in the form of a creed, or confession of faith, all who voluntarily enter the communion of that branch are to be understood as thereby indorsing this creed as being in accordance with the Word of God. Preachers are bound to teach and preach accordingly, and the members to sustain them in this work. Again: when the moral discipline of the Bible is collected into the form of rules, and published for the regulation of our practice, it is both the duty and privilege of the pastor to enforce the observance of these rules, seeing all have admitted and

declared in the act of joining the Church, that they believe them taught in the Word of God.

In accordance with the foregoing view the Methodist Episcopal Church has embodied in her Discipline, in the form of "General Rules," a collection of evils to be avoided, duties to be performed, and ordinances to be observed. With said Church the observance of these Rules is made a term of membership. So far as these Rules are concerned, there is not found in the entire code a single *peculiarity* of Methodism. They are *our* Rules, to be sure; but, at the same time, they are the moral rules of every branch of the Christian Church. Hence, we are told, in the conclusion of this code, that "all these we are taught of God to observe, even in his written Word." In presenting this view of our General Rules we would be understood, of course, to mean the *rules proper*, and not to include either the sketch of the rise of the society or the regulation of leaders and classes, which

are now prefixed to the original Rules. With us classes, leaders, and class meetings are regarded as a *mode* of carrying out and executing the Rules proper; and thus far they are confessedly among the peculiarities of Methodism, and rank among what we call the prudential regulations of our branch of the Church.

While we believe that Church government is essential in extending the Redeemer's kingdom, we do not claim, nor have we authority to claim, that any *entire* system is laid down in the Bible, or that any system now in operation is essential, as a whole, to constitute a true Church of Christ. In taking this view we believe we are sustained by the most pious and enlightened of all the Protestant branches of the Christian Church. After making these statements and concessions, we claim: 1. That every and any member of an organized Church is bound by the strongest obligations to observe all the moral regulations laid down in the Word of God. 2. That every member is morally bound to

observe the prudential regulations under which they have voluntarily associated themselves. 3. As a consequence of the two former, the pastor is bound to enforce both branches of discipline.

Having dwelt upon the *executive* and the *laws* to be executed, we close this branch with a hasty glance at the *mode* of execution. And here we would remark, that the government being *spiritual*, its laws are not to be enforced by the application of *civil* pains and penalties. The only *punitive* discipline authorized in the New Testament is comprised in "admonition," "reproof," sharp rebuke, and final excision from the Church. So far as neglect of duties or disobedience to the order and discipline of the Church is concerned, admonition is to close the procedure, provided there is a manifestation of repentance and promise of amendment. Imprudent conduct, or even the commission of such crimes as are *specified* in our General Rules, may and ought to pass with admonition and reproof, where

there is an acknowledgment and suitable manifestation of repentance. Excision from the Church is only proper and necessary in the case of those grosser crimes—such as would disgrace an ordinary citizen or subject the offender to civil pains and penalties, and in such other case as when the offender remains impenitent. The grand object of the Church and her ministry should be that of saving souls, and not pleasing the world. And whatever branch of the Church combines in the best manner mildness and strictness is the most Scriptural in her Church government.

We presume that no branch of the Church in our common Christendom will claim that all her members are just what they ought to be. The best have their share of troublesome ones, who reflect no honor upon their brotherhood. Still, so long as we can do any thing with them, and they manifest a teachable disposition, we think it the most Scriptural and God-like to hold on to them; believing that

we can be instrumental in bringing more souls to glory, than if the membership of the Church was reduced to such as uniformly honor their profession.

Having examined the relation which pastors sustain to the Church, we proceed to consider,

II. SOME OF THE REASONS WHY THE CHURCH SHOULD REGARD THEM IN THIS RELATION. By "*obeying*," "*submitting*," etc.

1. Our first reason is, *because God enjoins it.* This alone should settle the whole matter, and all concerned should at once yield without waiting for other reasons. In this case disobedience to the pastor is at the same time disobedience to God. None, we presume, will call the correctness of this position in question, so far as it relates to that which is expressly taught in the Word of God; yet some may suppose that those prudential regulations not claimed to be *expressly* enjoined in the Holy Scriptures, will form an exception. The correctness of this distinction, however, we do not admit.

(1.) Because no *entire* system of Church government is detailed in the New Testament; nor is it necessary or even best that the same regulations in all matters should be in operation at all times and in all places; therefore, under certain circumstances, some regulations not detailed in the Word of God, yet in agreement with it, may be found very important and highly beneficial in carrying out the great design of the Gospel.

(2.) When such regulations are incorporated into the discipline of a Church, those uniting with such Church agree and promise in the very act of joining that they would be governed by these rules; and ministers taking pastoral charge in the same connection stand pledged to carry out and execute these rules. Hence, on these accounts, the observance of these rules presses with all the weight of a *moral obligation* upon each member. For example, we will take a case from the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the matter of class meeting. This in *form*

and *name* is not claimed to be a Divine institution; yet it constitutes a term of membership in said Church. And yet with all these facts standing out before the world and each member of this Church, there are found persons in this communion who appear to set lightly by their obligations; habitually neglecting this means of grace, and vainly trying to excuse and justify this neglect by referring their pastors and others to those branches of the Church where no such meeting exists, urging that there are pious and devout members in these Churches.

Now, we do not consider it necessary to the defense of the obligation of attending class in the Methodist Episcopal Church to call in question the piety of the members of other branches of the Church. These Churches are very differently constituted in many respects; and, besides, these persons have never engaged or *promised* in any way to meet weekly in class. No such solemn vows are upon them, nor yet have they any such meet-

ing to attend. But every member of the Methodist Episcopal Church knows *previous* to joining the Church that there is a class meeting, and in the very act of volunteering for membership he consented and *promised* to attend class; therefore, every week that such live in willful neglect of this means of grace they violate a most solemn engagement. Hence, as might be expected, we uniformly find such among *us* cold and barren, and living in the general neglect of *other duties*.

2. A *second* reason for regarding pastors in this relation is, because "*they watch*" *for the souls committed to their care* "*as they who must give account.*" It is their *special* business to watch over their flocks. As the Great Head "has counted them faithful, putting them into the ministry," they are supposed to be well qualified, understanding the doctrines and discipline of the Church much better than members generally, and especially the young and inexperienced of the flock. Such especially should hold their pastor

in esteem; ready to take for granted that his counsels are in agreement with the Word of God and the Discipline of the Church. It will always be found prudent and safe for members of the Church to suppose their pastor in order, unless they *clearly know* the contrary. In addition to the *Divine appointment*, the consideration of the piety and wisdom of the pastor, the account he must give to God for faithfulness in the performance of his pastoral work, should all operate to secure him on the part of the Church a ready submission and high esteem. Should any stray from the fold in consequence of the unfaithfulness of the pastor, and be lost forever, God would require their blood at his hand.

3. *The mutual comfort of both pastor and congregation is promoted by obeying the exhortation of the text.* What joy a minister feels when the members of his charge appear to have confidence in his wisdom and integrity, and delight to use his instructions by carrying them into practice! But, on the other hand, when no

use is made of these teachings, and the pastor can only look to the expulsion of indolent and unruly members, how his heart is wrung with grief! So far as the member is concerned, it is a notorious fact that just in proportion to an unruly purpose he will feel opposed to the preacher, and always the most unhappy under his best teachings. Hence, the converse will be found equally true. Those who love and sincerely purpose to live the whole truth will, in the same proportion, love its faithful dispenser; ready at all times to aid him in his great work of saving souls, as well as cheerfully and liberally contributing to meet and supply his temporal wants.

4. *The influence and success of a pastor among those beyond the pale of the Church depends to a great extent on the loyalty of those already gathered into the Church.*

If this proposition be examined in the light of facts, its truthfulness must appear to all. Wherever Church members openly and habitually disregard the teachings of

their ministers, those without the Church generally become hardened and hopeless, and rather entertain feelings of contempt than respect for the pastor. Every attentive observer can not fail to be convinced that the *influence* and *success* of a minister among the unconverted, to a great extent, depends upon the example of obedience on the part of the Church members.

In conclusion, we would forestall any and every fair and reasonable objection that might be urged against placing the *executive* power of the government of the Church in the hands of her ministers, by noticing, (1.) That in all well-regulated Churches, the range of objects embraced in this jurisdiction is limited to Scriptural precepts and principles, together with such prudential regulations as are in agreement with the Word of God, and called for by the circumstances of time and place. (2.) These rules are embodied in a condensed form, and published to the world, so that all who enter the pale of the Church know at the time the rules by

which they are to be governed. (3.) They also know that the pastor is solemnly bound and pledged to carry out and execute these rules; and, moreover, that his jurisdiction is limited to these rules. This is true at least in the Methodist Episcopal Church. (4.) When charged with a violation of any of these rules, the accused has the privilege of a fair trial by a committee of the lay members of the Church. In no case can a pastor inflict the penalty of excision, unless the accused is found guilty by a committee of his peers. This we know to be the case in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and we believe a like privilege is substantially secured to members in other branches of the Church.

5. And lastly. It must be obvious to all who have studied human nature, and been at all observant of facts connected with pastoral oversight, that there is no natural temptation on the part of a minister to oppress the people, or even to be overstrict in the exercise of discipline. Grace will dispose a minister to "suffer

long" and to be "kind," endeavoring "as much as possible to live in peace with all men;" and common policy, or *self-interest*, would prompt a pastor—dependent on the voluntary contributions of the people of his charge for support—to labor at all times to conciliate their affection, and to keep the Church as large as possible. Therefore, as might be expected from the nature of the case, where one is found to any extent chargeable with scattering and tearing the Church, one hundred will be found erring to some extent in loose efforts to bring improper persons into the Church, and to extend too great an indulgence to those already in her pales.

FINIS.